William THE 15 Talbot.

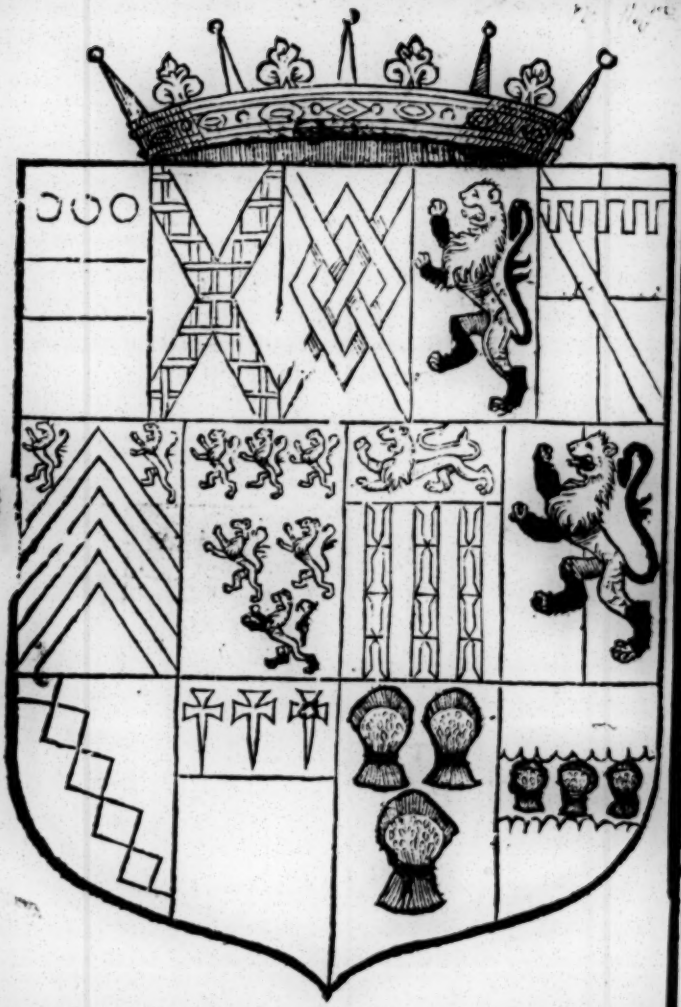
SECOND WEEKE OR CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD,

OF THE NOBLE, LEARned and diuine *Saluſtius*, Lord of *Bartas*: tranſlated by *Ioſuah Sylueſter*.

James Long

AT LONDON,
Printed by P.S. dwelling on Bredſtreet hill at the ſigne of the Starre.
1598.

William Willoughby sworn to this booke, witness Thomas Chaydon and Edward Cary.



TO THE RIGHT HO-

orable, *Robert* Earle of *Eſſex* and
we, Earle Marſhall of England, Viſcount
ereford and Bourgcher, Lord Ferrers of Chart-
y, Bourgcher, and Louein: and knight of the moſt
noble order of the Garter: Maſter of her Maie-
ſties Horſe, and of the Ordinance: and one
of her highnes moſt honorable
priuie Counſell.

Right Honorable, hauing nought elſe of worth to preſent your Lordſhip with, I haue preſumed to offer at the ſhrine of your gracious clemēcie, this humble ſacrifice of y deuoute ſinceritie: whereby I haue bewrayed ther a wil to deſire, then skil to deſerue your ho-orable patronage. For (well I wot) this ſlender olumne is too weake a prop, to beare the *Atlas*-urthen of your renowmed name, ſo loued in *ngland*, ſo honored in *Belgia*, ſo admired in *rance*, and ſo feared in *Spaine*, and there, ſo of-n and ſo deep with your owne ſword ingrauen

about the famous pillers of *Hercules*. Neuerth
leſſe (Right Honorable) after your wearie tr
uaile in forreine exploites: and buſie trouble
our home-affaires) let it pleaſe your Lordſhip
recreate your ſelfe a little, with a few turnes
this delightfull garden: For (howſoeuer, heer
through my negligence or ignorance, it m
ſeeme, not ſo ſeemely dreſt) it containes a ple
ſant model of all the exquiſit bewties of *Ada*
EDEN; fram'd by the admirable hand of t
deuine Prince of Modern Poets, *Saluſtius* lo
of *Bartas*: whoſe rare worthines, leaſt my ru
weakenes wrong too much, I referre to your h
nors abſolute cenſure: and ſacring all my b
abilities to your Lordſhips ſeruice, I moſt
humblie kiſſe your valiant and victori-
ous hand. *London* this 11. of
May. 1598.

Your honors euer moſt

humblie deuoted,

IOSVAH SYLVESTE

To the right honorable Earle of *Eſſex* and *Ewe*, Earle Marſhall of England, &c.

A Sonnet.

(cauſe
Reat Strong-bow's *heire, no ſelfe-conceipt doth*
Mine humble wings aſpire to you, vnknowne:
But knowing this, that your renowme alone
*(As th'*Adamant *and as the* Amber *drawes,*
hat, hardeſt ſteele; this, eaſie-yeelding ſtrawes)
Atters the ſtubborne, and attractes the prone:
I haue preſum'd (O honors Paragon)
To graue your name (which all Iberia *awes)*
eere, on the forefrunt of this little Pile;
T'allure the vertuous to a ſacred feaſt:
And chace away the vicious and the vile;
r ſtop their lothſome enuious tongues (at leaſt:)
If I haue errd, let my ſubmiſſion ſcuſe:
And daigne to grace my yet-vngraced Muſe.

Ioſuah Sylueſter.

In duo poetarum lumina *Bartam* & *Silueſterum carmen Aſclepiadeum Gliconicum*, dicol. Diſtroph.

TE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos
Vel germana ſoror nympha polymnia,
Muſarumué potens pater,
Pulſans plectra ſonantia.
Silueſtere, meam tu ſuperas lyram,
Et linguam modulum, dum rudis obſtrepit,
Vatem commeruit decus,
Illuſtrem ingenij tuj:
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit ſcribere bellicum
Digné, vel Veneris roſæ
Vultum purpureæ parem.
Nec veſtram valeo tollere verſibus
Laudem tergeminam ſecilidum meis
(Sacra progenies) ſatis,
Non vos æquiparem modis.

Gallorum

Gallorum Druidas hoſpites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præſtat: noſter amat ſui
Ponti vincere Naiadas:
Ambo ſic proprias viribus ingeni
Diuas ruricolas ponticolas ſimul
Viciſtis, triuij meum
Viciſtis miſerum melos,
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipſos cælicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis nouos.

Georg Burgh. Cantabridg.

To M. Iosuah Sylueſter

A Sonnet.

THe glorious Saluſt, moral, true, diuine,
Who (all inſpired with a holy rage)
Makes heau'n his ſubiect, and the earth his ſtage,
The Artes his actors, and the Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gildes, and graceth fine:
His Countries honor, wonder of our age;
Whoſe world's bleſt Birth, and bleſſed Pupillage;
Gayne him a world of fame for euerie lyne;
Hath heere obtaind a true interpreter,
Whom, fame, nor gayne, but loue to heauen & vs,
Mou'd to vn-french his later labours thus:
Thus loues, thus liues al-loued SYLVESTER:
Forward (ſweet friend) heau'n, nature, artes, and men,
All to this taske prefer thine onely pen.

G. Gay-wood.

In commendation of *du Bartas* and M. *Ioſuah Sylueſter*.

A SONNET.

WHile nights black wings ỹ daies bright beauties (hide,
And while faire *Phœbus* diues in weſtern deep;
Men gazing on the heau'nly ſtages ſteep,
Commend the Moone, and many ſtars beſide;
But when *Aurorats* windowes open wide,
That Sol's cleer raies thoſe ſable clouds may baniſh,
Then ſodainly thoſe petty lights do vaniſh,
Vailing the glories of their gliſtring pride:
So while *du Bartas* and our *Silueſter*
(The glorious lights of England and of France)
Haue hid their beams; each glow-worm durſt preſer
His feeble glimpſe of glimmering radiance;
But now theſe Sunnes begin to gild the day,
Thoſe twinckling ſparkes are ſoone diſperſt away.

R: Hyther.

Dilectiſsimo Io: Silueſtri.

Gallica viſa fuit Princeps modo lingua, nec vlla
Illi, vel ſimilis; vel mihi maior erat:
Crediderã magni nullo ſermone referri
BARTASI *ingenium poſſe, vel eloquium:*
Cum ſub: tó claruũ dedit alma Britania ſolem,
Ingenii tenebras abſtulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI, SILVESTER *carmine vertit,*
Et ſi ſucceſſu non meliore, pari.
O, ter fælicem vãnam! Dulceisq; Camænas,
Queis tanto vati contigit eſſe pares.
Incæpto fælix SILVESTER *tramite perge,*
Tam bene ne cæptum deſtituatur opus;
Sic pia Sicælides aſpirent Numina muſæ;
Sic faueat cæptis doctus Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem fælix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit ELIZA *ſuum.*

Ioh: Mau[illegible]æus Germanus.

EDEN,

The firſt booke of the firſt day, of the ſecond weeke, of the diuine *Saluſtius du Bartas.*

GReat God, which haſt this worlds birth made me
Vnfold his cradle, ſhew his infancie: (ſee,
Walk ỹ, my ſpirit through al the flowering alleyes,
Of that ſweet garden, where through winding valleys
Foure liuely flouds crauld: tell me what miſſe-deed
Baniſht both *Eden* *Adam* and his ſeed:
Tell who immortall, mortalizing, brought-vs (vs:
The balme frō heaun which hoped helth hath wrought
Grant me the ſtory of thy Church to ſing,
And geſts of kinges: Let me this Totall bring
From thy firſt Sabaoth to his fatall toombe,
My ſtile extending to the day of doombe.
Lord, I acknowledge and confeſſe before,
This Ocean hath no bottome, nor no ſhoare;
But (ſacred Pilot) thou çanſt ſafely ſteere

My

My vent'rous Pinnaſſe to her wiſhed Peere,
Where once arriu'd all dropping wet, I will
Extoll thy fauors, and my vowes fulfill.

* *And gracious guide, which dooſt all grace infuſe,*
Since is hath pleas'd thee taske my tardy muſe
With theſe high theames, that through mine artles pen
This holy Lampe may light my Countri-men:
Ah teach my hand, ſuch mine vnlearned lips,
Leaſt, as the Earths groſſe body doth eclipſe
Bright Cynthiaes beames, when it is interpoſ'd
Twixt her and Phœbus *: ſo mine ill diſpoſ'd*
Darke, gloomy, ignorance, obſcure the rayes
Of this diuine Sunne of theſe learned dayes:
O furniſh me with an vn-vulgar ſtile,
That I by this may wean our wanton Ile
From Ouids *heires, and their vnhallowed ſpell*
Heere charming ſences, chaining ſoules in hell.
Let this prouoke our modern wits to ſacre
Their wondrous gifts to honor thee their Maker:
That our myſterious ELFINE *Oracle,*
Deepe, morall graue, inuentions miracle:
My deere ſweet DANIEL, *ſharpe-conceipted, breefe,*
Ciuill, ſententious, for pure accents chiefe:
And our new NASO, *that ſo paſſionates*
Th'heroik ſighes of loue ſick Potentates.
May change their ſubiect, and aduance their wings
Vp to theſe higher and more holy things;
And if (ſufficient rich in ſelfe-inuention)

They

They skorne (as I) to liue of ſtrangers penſion,
Let them deuiſe new Weekes, new works, new waies
To celebrate the ſupreme Prince of prayſe.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the lead
Which to a Citty from ſome Condit-head
Brings holſome waters, yet (ſelf-wanting ſence)
It ſelfe receaues no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough-ſeaſoned But
Wherein the teares of preſſed grapes are put,
Retaines (long after all the wine is ſpent)
Within it ſelfe the liquors liuely ſent:
Let me ſtill ſauour of theſe heauenly ſweets
Til death ſold-vp mine earth in earthen ſheetes,
Leaſt my youngdayes, now prone to preach thy glory,
To BRVTVS heyres, bluſh at mine elder ſtory.

GOD, *Supreme Lord*, committed not alone
T'our father *Adam*, this inferiour throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the ſcaly nation
That in the Ocean haue their habitation:
Thoſe that in horror of the deſarts lurke:
And thoſe that capering in the welkin worke.
But alſo choſe him for a happy ſeat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paueth ſumptuouſly
With flowrie VER's inammeld tapiſtrie;
Pomona pranks with fruites, whoſe taſt excels;
And *Zephir*-fils with muske and Amber ſmels.

Where

Where God himſelfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With trees and corne couers the hils and vallies,
Summons ſweet ſleepe with noiſe of hundred brooks
And ſunne-proofe arbors makes in ſundry nookes:
He plants, he proines, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th'euer-green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Heer-theare the courſe of th'holy lakes he leads,
With thouſand dies he motleys all the meads.
Ye Pagan Poets, that audaciouſly
Haue ſought to darken th'euer-memory
Of Gods great works; from henceforth ſtill be dumb
Your fabled praiſes of *Elyſium*,
Which by this goodly modell you haue wrought
Through deafe tradition, that your fathers taught;
For the Almighty, made his blisfull bowers
Better indeed, then you haue fayned yours.
For ſhould I ſay that ſtill with ſmiling face,
Th'al-claſping heauens beheld this happy place;
That hunny ſweet, from hollow rocks did draine;
That foſtering milke flow'd vp and downe the plaine;
That ſweet as Roſes ſmelt th'il-ſauory Rew,
That in all ſoyles, all ſeaſons, all things grew:
That ſtill there dangled on the ſelfe-ſame treen
A thouſand fruites, nor ouer-ripe, nor green:
That egreſt fruits, and bittreſt hearbs did mock
Madera ſugars and the Apricock;
Yeelding more holeſome food then all the meſſes,
That now taſt-curious, wanton, plenty dreſſes,

Diſguiſing

Diſguiſing in a thouſand coſtly diſhes,
The various ſtoare of dainty foules and fiſhes,
Which far and neere we ſeeke by land & ſeas,
More to prouoke then hunger to appeaſe.
Or ſhould I ſay, each morning, on the ground
Not common deaw, but *Manna* did abound:
That neuer guttur gorging durty muds,
Defild the criſtall of ſmooth-fliding flouds,
Whoſe waters, paſt in pleaſant taſt, the drinke
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brincke:
That ſhady groues of noble Palme-tree ſprayes,
Of amorous Mirtles, and immortall Bayes
Neuer vn-leau'd, but euermore their new
Self-arching armes in thouſand arbors grew.
Where thouſand ſorts of birds, both night and day
Did bill and woo, and hop about and play,
And marrying their ſweet tunes to th'Angels layes
Sung *Adams* bliſſe, and their great makers praiſe.
For then the Crowes, night-rauens, and howlets noiſe
Was like the Nightingales ſweet-tuned voice;
And Nightingales ſung like diuine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.
Th'ayres daughter Eccho, haunting woods emong,
A blab that will not (cannot) keepe her tongue,
Who neuer asks, but only anſweres all,
Who lets not any her in vaine to call;
She bore her part, and full of curious skil,
They ceaſing ſung, they ſinging ceaſed ſtill:
There muſicke raignd, and euer on the plaine,

A ſweet ſound raiſd the dead-liue voice againe.
If there I ſay the Sunne (the ſeaſons ſtinter)
Made no hot Summer, nor no hoary winter,
But louely VER kept ſtill in liuely luſter
The fragrant valleys ſmyling meades and paſture:
That boiſtrous *Adams* body did not ſhrinke
For Northren winds, nor for the Suthern winck:
But ZEPHYR did ſweet musky ſighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord
Gaue bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowers, thoſe flowers ſweet ſauor yeeld:
That day did gladly lend his ſiſter night,
For halfe her moiſture, halfe his ſhining light:
That neuer haile did harueſt preiudice,
That neuer froſt, nor ſnow, nor ſlippry ice
The fields enag'd: nor any ſtormy ſtower
Diſmounted mountaines, nor no violent ſhower
Poueriſht the land, which franckly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and vſe:
I thinke I lie not, rather I confeſſe
My ſtammering muſes poore vnlearnednes.
If in two words thou wilt her praiſe compriſe
Say 'twas the type of th'vpper Paradice;
Where *Adam* had (ô wondrous ſtrange) diſcourſe
With God himſelfe, with Angels intercourſe.
Yet ouer-curious queſtion not the ſcyte,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight.
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,

Or

Or on a mountaine neere *Lason's* ſhine,
Nigh *Babilon*, or in the radiant Eaſt.
Humble content thee that thou know'ſt (at leaſt)
That that rare, plenteous, pleaſant, happy thing
Whereof th' Almighty made our grand-ſire King,
Was a choiſe ſoile, through which did rowling ſlide
Swift *Ghion*, *Phiſon*, and rich *Tygris* tyde,
And that faire ſtreame whoſe ſiluer waues do kiſſe
The monarch Towers of proud *Semiramis*.
Now if that roming round about the earth,
Thou find no place that anſweres now in worth
This beauteous place, nor Country that can ſhew
Where now-adaies theſe noted flouds do flow:
Include not all within this cloſe confind,
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid belt doth bind.
A certaine place it was, now ſought in vaine;
Where ſet by grace, for ſin remou'd againe
Our Elders were: whereof, the thunder-darter
Made a bright ſword the gate, an Angell porter.
Nor think that *Moſes* paints fantaſticke-wiſe
A miſtike tale of fained Paradice:
('Twas a true Garden, happy plenties horne,
And ſeat of graces) leaſt thou make (forlorne)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantaſticall,
His ſinne ſuppos'd, his paine poeticall:
Such allegories ſerue for ſhelter fit
To curious idiots of erronious wit,
And chiefelie then when reading hiſtories,

Seeking

Seeking the ſpirit, they do the body leeſe.
But if thou liſt to gueſſe by likelihood,
Thinke that the wreakfull nature-drowning floud
Spard not this beauteous place, which formoſt ſaw
The firſt foule breach of Gods eternall law:
Thinke that the moſt part of the plants it puld
And of the ſweeteſt flowers the ſpirits duld;
Spoild the faire gardens, made the fat fields leane,
And chang'd (perchance) the riuers channell clean:
And thinke that Time, whoſe ſlippery wheel doth pla
In humane cauſes with inconſtant ſway,
Who exiles, alters, and diſguiſes words,
Hath now transform'd the names of all theſe fords.
For as through ſinne we loſt that place; I feare,
Forgetfull, we haue loſt the knowledge where
'Twas ſituate: and of the ſugred dainties
Wherewith God fed vs in thoſe ſacred plenties,
Now, of the trees wherwith th'immortall power
Adorn'd the quarters of that bliſfull Bower,
All ſeru'd the mouth, ſaue two ſuſtaind the mind
All ſeru'd for food, ſaue two for ſeales aſſign'd.
God gaue thee firſt for honorable ſtile,
The tree of life, true name (alas the while)
Not for th'effect it had, but ſhould haue kept,
If man from duty neuer had miſſe-ſtept.
For as the ayre of thoſe freſh dales and hils,
Preſerued him from *Epidemike* ills,
This fruit had euer-calmd all inſurrections,

And

And ciuill quarrels of the croſſe-complexions:
Had bard the paſſage of twice-childiſh age,
And euer-more excluded all the rage
Of paineſuil griefs, whoſe ſwift-ſlow poaſting-pace
At firſt or laſt our dying life doth chaſe.
Strong counter-baen! ô ſacred plant diuine!
What mettall, ſtone, ſtalke, fruite, flower, roote, or ryne,
Shall I preſume in theſe rude rimes to ſute
Vnto thy wondrous world-adorning fruit?
The rareſt ſimples that our fields preſent vs
Heale but one hurt, and healing too torments vs,
And with the torment, lingering our reliefe,
Our bags of gold void; yer our bulks of griefe.
But thy rare fruits hid power admired moſt
Saluеth all ſores, ſans paine, delay, or coſt:
Or rather, man from yawning death to ſtay,
Thou didſt not cure, but keepe all ils away.
O holy, peere-les, rich preſeruatiue!
Whether wert thou the ſtrange reſtoratiue
That ſuddainly did age with youth repaire,
And made old *Eſon* yonger then his heire?
Or holy *Nectar*, that in heauenly bowers,
Eternally ſelf-pouring *Hebe* poures?
Or bleſt *Ambroſia* (gods immortal-fare?)
Or elſe the rich fruite of the garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as aſſured guard)
A fier-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or pretious *Moly*, which *Iones* Purſiuan

Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th'*Ithacan*?
Or elſe *Nepenthe*, enemy to ſadnes,
Repelling ſorrowes, and repealing gladnes?
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels
Saue men and Angels euery creature els?)
No, none of theſe, theſe are but ſorgeries;
But toyes, but tales, but dreames, deceipts and lies.
But thou art true, although our ſhallow ſence
May honor more, then ſound thine excellence.
The tree of knowledge, th'other tree behight,
Not that it ſelfely had ſuch ſpeciall might,
As mens dull wits could whet and ſharpen ſo
That in a moment they might all things know.
'Twas a ſure pledge, a ſacred ſigne, and ſeale
Which, beeing taen, ſhould to light man reueale
What ods there is, between ſtill peace and ſtrife;
Gods wrath, and loue, drad death, and deereſt life;
Solace, and ſorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.
For God had not depriu'd that primer ſeaſon
The ſacred lampe and light of learned reaſon:
Mankind was then a thouſand fold more wiſe
Then now, blind error had not bleard his eyes,
With miſts that make th'*Athenian Sage* ſuppoſe
That *nought he knowes, ſaue this, that nought he knowes.*
That euen light *Pirrhons* wauering fantaſies
Reaue him the skill his vnskill to agnize.
And th'*Abderite*, within a well obſcure

As deep as darke, the truth of things immure.
He happy knew the good by th'vſe of it:
He knew the bad, but not by proofe as yet:
But as they ſay of great Hyppocrates,
Who (though his limbes were numbd with no exceſſe,
Nor ſtopt his throat, nor vext his fantaſie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th'angine, Lunacie,
And hundred els-paines, whence in luſtie flower
He liu'd exempt, a hundred yeeres and fower.
Or like the pure heauen-prompted prophets rather,
Whoſe ſight ſo cleerely future things did gather
Becauſe the world's ſoule in their ſoule enſealed
The holy ſtamp of ſecrets moſt concealed.
But our now-knowledge hath for tedious traine,
A drooping life, an ouer racked braine,
A face forlorne, a ſad and ſullen faſhion
A reſtles toyle, and cares ſelfe-pyning paſsion.
Knowledge was then, euen the ſoules ſoule for light,
The ſpirits calme port, and lanthorne ſhining bright,
To ſtraight-ſtept feete, cleere knowledge, not confuſd:
Not ſower, but ſweet: not gotten, but infuſd.
Now heauen's eternall al-fore-ſeeing king,
Who neuer raſhly ordreth any thing (ted,
Thought good that man (hauing yet ſpirits ſound-ſta-
Should dwell els-where, then where he was created.
That he might know, he did not hold this place
By nature's right, but by meere gift and grace:
That he ſhould neuer taſt friuts vn-permitted,

But keepe the ſacred pledge to him committed.
And dreſſe that parke which God, without all terme,
On theſe conditions gaue him, as in farme.
God would, that (void of painefull labor) he
Should liue in *Eden*, but not idlely,
For idlenes pure innocence ſubuerts,
Defiles our bodie, and our ſoule peruerts:
Yea ſober'ſt men, it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that firſt trauell had no ſympathy
With our ſince-trauailes wretched cruelty,
Diſtilling ſweat, and panting wanting wind,
Which was a ſcourge for *Adams* ſinne aſsign'd.
For *Edens* earth was then ſo fertile fat,
That he made only ſweet aſſayes in that,
Of skilfull induſtry, and naked wrought
More for delight, then for the gaine he ſought.
In briefe, it was a pleſant exerciſe,
A labour like't, a paine much like the guiſe
Of cunning dancers, who although they skip,
Run, caper, vault, trauerſe, and turne, and trip,
From morne till euen, at night againe full merry,
Renew their dance, of dancing neuer weary.
Or els of hunters, that with happy luck
Rouſing betimes ſome often-breathed Buck,
Or goodly ſtag, their yelping hounds vncupple, (ble
wind lowd their horns, their whoops, & hollowes dub
Spur-on and ſpare not, following their deſire,

Them

Themſelues vn-weary, though their Hacknies tyre.
But for in th'end of all their iolitie
Thear's found much ſtifneſſe, ſweat and vanity,
I rather match it to the pleaſing paine
Of Angels pure, who euer ſloath diſdaine:
Or to the Sunnes calme courſe, who painles aye
About the welkin poſteth night and day.
Doubtles, when *Adam* ſaw our common ayre
He did admire the manſion rich and faire
Of his ſucceſſors, for froſts keenlie-cold
The ſhady locks of foreſts had not powl'd:
Heauen had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor giuen the earth her ſad deuorces writ.
But when he once had entred Paradice,
The remnant world he iuſtly did deſpiſe,
Much like a Boore far in the Country borne,
Who, neuer hauing ſeene but kine, and corne,
Oxen, and ſheepe, and homely hamlets thatcht,
(Which fond he coumpts as kingdós hardly matcht,)

"When afterward he happens to behold
"Our wealthy *Londons* wonders manifold,
"The ſilly peaſant thinks himſelfe to be
"In a new world, and gazing greedily,
"One while he Artes, all the Artes admires,
"Then the faire temples, and their top-les ſpires,
"Their firme foundations and the maſsie pride
"Of all their ſacred ornaments beſide:

"Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
"Tongues, geſtes, attires, the faſhions and the faces,
"Of buiſſy-buzzing ſwarmes, that ſtill he meets
"Ebbing and flowing ouer all the ſtreets:
"Then at the ſigns, the ſhops, & waights, the meaſures,
"The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treaſures;
"But of all ſights, none ſeemes him yet more ſtrange
"Then the rare, beauteous, ſtately rich Exchange:
"Another while he maruailes at the Theames,
"Which ſeems to beare huge moũtains on her ſtreams
"Then at the faire-built bridge, which he doth iudge
"More like a trade-full Citty then a bridge;
"And glancing thence a-long the Northren ſhoare
"That princely proſpect doth amaze him more.
For in that Garden man delighted ſo,
That rapt he wiſt not if he wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable:
Or earth or heauen, all more then admirable.
For ſuch exceſſe his extaſie was ſmall;
Not hauing ſpirit ynough to muſe withall,
He wiſht him hundred fold redoubled ſences,
The more to taſte ſo rare ſweet excellences,
Not knowing whether noſe, or eares, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or ſaw, more ſauors, ſounds, or dies.
But *Adams* beſt and ſupreme delectation,
Was th'often haunt and holy conuerſation,
His ſoule and body, had ſo many waies,
With God, who lightned *Eden* with his rayes.

For

For ſpirits, by faith religiouſlie refin'd,
Twixt God and man retaine a middle kind:
And (vmpires) mortall to th'immortall ioyne;
And th'infinite in narrow clay confine.
Some-times by you, ô you al-faining dreames,
We gaine this good; but not when *Bacchus* ſteames
And glutton vapours ouerflow the braine,
And drowne our ſpirits, preſenting fancies vaine:
Nor when pale *Phlegme*, or ſaffron-cullored *Choler*,
In feeble ſtomachs belch with diuers dolor,
And print vpon our vnderſtandings tables,
That, water-wracks; this, other flame-ful fables:
Nor when the ſpirit of lies our ſpirits deceaues,
And guilefull viſions in our fancy leaues:
Nor when the pencil of cares ouer-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our ſleepe.
But when no more the ſoules chiefe faculties
Are ſperſt to ſerue the body many waies,
When all ſelfe-vned, free from daies duſturber
Through ſuch ſweet trance ſhe findes a quiet harber,
Where ſome in riddles, ſome more plaine expreſt,
She ſees things future, in th'almighties breſt.
And yet far higher is this holy fit,
When (not from fleſh, but from freſh-cares, acquit)
The wakefull ſoule it ſelfe aſſembling ſo,
All ſelfelie dyes; while that the body though
Liues motion-les: for ſanctified wholy,
It takes th'impreſsion of Gods ſignet ſolie,

And

And in his ſacred Chriſtall map doth ſee
Heauens Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more then ſpirit, Now, Morrow, Yeſterday,
To it all one, are all as preſent aye.
And though it ſeeme not when the dream's expired
Like that it was, yet is it much admired
Of rareſt men, and ſhines among them bright
Like gliſtering ſtars through gloomy ſhades of night.
But aboue all that's the diuineſt trance
When the ſoules eye beholds Gods countenance:
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his dread-ſweet face he ſeales.
As when S. Paul on his deere maſters wings
Was rapt aliue vp to th'eternall things:
And he that whilome for the choſen flock
Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.
O ſacred flight! ſweet rape! loues ſoueraigne bliſſe!
Which very loues deere lips dooſt make vs kiſſe:
Hymen, of *Manna* and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time dooſt heau'n with earth contract:
Fire, that in Lymbec of pure thoughts diuine,
Dooſt purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:
And mounting vs to heau'n, vn-mouing hence,
Man in a trice, in God dooſt quinteſſence:
O mad'ſt thou man diuine in habitude,
As for a ſpace; ô ſweeteſt ſolitude,
Thy bliſſe were equall with that happy reſt
Which after death ſhall make vs euer-bleſt.

Now,

Now, I beleeue that in this later guiſe
Man did conuerſe in pleaſant Paradiſe
With heau'ns great Architect, (and happie) there
His bodie ſaw, (or bodie as it were;)
Glorioufflie compaſt with the bleſſed Legions
That raigne aboue the Azure-ſpangled regions.
ADAM (quoth he) the beawties manifold
That in this *Eden* thou doeſt heere behold,
Are all thine onelie, enter (ſacred race)
Come take poſſeſsion of this wealthie place,
The earth's ſole glorie: take (deere ſonne) to thee,
This farm's demaines, leaue the chiefe-right to me,
And th'onely rent that of it I reſerue-is
One Trees faire fruite, to ſhew thy ſute and ſeruice:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
I'le not exact hard fines (as men ſhall woont,)
For ſigne of homage, and for ſeale of faith,
Of all the profites this poſſeſsion hath,
I onely aske one Tree, whoſe fruite I will
For ſacrament ſhall ſtand of good and ill:
Take all the reſt I bid thee: but I vow
By th'vn-nam'd name, where-to all knees doe bow,
And by the keene dartes of my kindled ire,
(More fiercelie burning then conſuming fire)
That of the fruit of knowledge if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull death ſhall plague thee and thy ſeed.
If then, the happie ſtate thou hold'ſt of me,
My holy mildnes, nor high maieſtie,

If

If Faith nor honor curbe thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy ſelfe, and thine owne ſeedes condition?
Moſt mightie Lord (quoth *Adam*) here I tender
All thankes I can, not all I ſhould thee render,
For all thy liberall fauours, far ſurmounting (ting.
My hart's conceipt, much more my tongues recoun-
At thy commaund, I would with boyſterous ſhock
Goe runne my ſelfe againſt the hardeſt rocke:
Or caſt me headlong from ſome mountaine ſteepe,
Downe to the whirling bottome of the deepe:
Yea, at thy becke, I would not ſpare the life
Of my deere *Phenix, ſiſter-daughter-wife:*
Obaying thee, I finde the things impoſsible,
Cruel, and painefull; pleaſant, kinde, and poſsible.
But ſince thy firſt lawe doth more grace afford
Vnto the ſubiect, then the ſoueraigne Lord:
Since (bounteous prince) on me and my diſcent,
Thou dooſt impoſe no other taxe, nor rent,
But one ſole precept of moſt iuſt condition,
(No precept neither, but a prohibition,)
And ſince (good God) of all the fruites in EDEN
Ther's but one apple that I am forbidden,
Euen onely that which bitter death doth threat,
(Better (perhaps) to looke on then to eate)
I honor in my ſoule, and humblie kiſſe
Thy iuſt edict (as author of my bliſſe)
Which once tranſgreſt deſerues the rigour rather
Of ſharpeſt Iudge then mildnes of a father.

The

The firmament ſhall retrograde his courſe,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his ſource,
Firme mountaines skip like lambes, beneath the deep
Eagles ſhall diue; Whales in the aire ſhall keepe;
Yet I preſume with fingers endes to tuche
(Much leſſe with lips) the fruit forbod ſo much.
Thus yet in league with heauen and earth he liues
Enioying all the goods th'almightie giues:
And yet not treading ſinnes falſe, mazie meaſures,
Sailes on ſmooth ſurges of a ſea of pleaſures.
Heere, vnderneath a fragrant hedge repoſes,
Full of all kindes of ſweete all coloured roſes,
Which (one would thinke) the Angels dayly dreſſe
In true loue-knottes, tri-angles, lozengs.
Anon he walketh in a leuel lane
On either ſide beſet with ſhadie Plane,
Whoſe arched boughes, for *Frize* and *Cornich* beare
Thicke groues, to ſhield from future change of aire:
Then in a path impaeld in pleaſant wiſe
With ſharpe-ſweet Orange, Lemon, Citron trees,
Whoſe leauie twigges that intricatelie tangle
Seeme painted walls whereon true fruites doe dangle.
Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare
With vn-graft trees, in checker round, and ſquare:
Whoſe goodly fruites ſo on his will doe waite,
That plucking one, anothers readie ſtraight:
And hauing taſted all, with due ſatietie,
Findes all one goodnes, but in taſte varietie.

Anon

Anon he ſtalketh with an eaſie ſtride
By ſome cleere riuer's lillie-paued ſide, (gemmes,
Whoſe ſandes pure gold, whoſe pebbles precious
And liquid ſiluer all the curling ſtreames:
Whoſe chiding murmur mazing in and out,
With chriſtall ceſternes moates a mead about:
And th'art-les Bridges ouer-thwart this torrent
Are rockes ſelf-arched by the eating current:
Or louing *Palmes*, whoſe luſtie females (willing
Their marrow-boyling loues to be fulfilling;
And reach their husband trees on th'other banckes,)
Bow their ſtiffe backes, and ſerue for paſsing planckes.
Then in a goodlie garden's alleis ſmooth,
Where prodigue nature ſets abroad her booth
Of richeſt beawties, where each bed and border
Is like pide poſies, diuers dies and order.
Now farre from noyſe he creepeth couertlie
Into a caue, of kindlie *Porphyrie*,
Which, rock-ſalne ſpowtes, congeald by colder aire,
Seeme with ſmooth antikes to haue ſeeled faire:
There laid at eaſe, a cubit from the ground,
Vpon a Iaſpir fring'd with yuie round, (uer
Purfled with vaines, thicke thrumbd with moſsie be-
He falls a ſleepe faſt by a ſilent riuer: (ruſhing,
Whoſe captiue ſtreames through crooked pipes ſtill
Make ſweeter muſicke with their gentle guſhing,
Then now at *Tiuoli*, th'*Hydrantike* braule
Of rich *Ferrara's* ſtately Cardinal:

Or

Or *Ctesibes* rare engines, framed there
where as they made of *Ibis*, *Iupiter*.
Musing, anon through crooked walkes he wanders,
Round-winding ringes, and intricate Meanders,
False-guiding pathes, doubtfull beguiling strayes,
And right-wrong errors of an end-lesse Maze.
Not simplie hedged with a single border
Of *Rosemarie* cut out with curious order,
In *Satyrs*, *Centaures*, *Whales*, and *halfe-men-Horses*,
And thousand other counterfaited corses:
But with true beastes, fast in the ground still sticking,
Feeding on grasse, and th'airie moisture licking:
Such as those *Bonarets* in *Scythia* bred
Of slender seedes, and with greene fodder fed,
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes,
Of new-yeand lambes haue full the forme and guise,
And should be verie lambes, saue that for foote,
Within the ground they fixe a liuing roote,
Which at their nauel growes, and dies that day
That they haue brouz'd the neighbour grasse away.
O wondrous vertue of God onely good!
The beast hath roote, the plant hath flesh and bloud;
The nimble plant can turne it too and fro,
The nummed beast can neither stir nor goe:
The plant is leafe-les, branch-les, void of fruite,
The beast is lust-les, sex-les, fire-les, mute:
The plant with plants his hungrie panch doth feed,
Th'admired beast is sowne a slender seed.

Then

Then vp and downe a foreſt thicke he paceth,
Which ſelfelie opening in his preſence baſeth
Her trembling treſſes neuer vading ſpring,
For humble homage to her mightie king:
Where thouſand trees, wauing with gentle puffes
Their plumie tops, ſweepe the celeſtiall rooſes.
Yet enuying all the maſsie *Cerbas* fame,
Sith fiftie paces can but claſp the ſame.
There ſprings the ſhrub three foote aboue the graſſe
Which feares the keene edge of the curtelace;
Whereof the rich *Egiptian* ſo endeares
Roote, barke, and fruit, and yet much more the teares.
There liues the *Sea-oake* in a little ſhel;
There growes vntild the ruddie *Cochenel*:
And there the *Chermes*, whhich on each ſide armes
With pointed prickles all his precious armes:
Rich trees, and fruitfull in thoſe wormes of price,
Which preſſed, yeeld a crimſin-coloured iuice,
Whence thouſand lambes are died ſo deepe in graine,
That their owne mothers know them not againe.
Their mountes the *Mels* which ſerues in *Mexico*,
For weapon, wood, needle and threed (to ſowe)
Bricke, hunnie, ſugar, ſucket, balme, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line:
His wood for fier, his harder leaues are fit
For thouſand vſes of inuentiue witt.
Some-times there-on they graue their holy thinges,
Lawes, laudes of Idols, and the geſtes of kings:

Some-

Sometimes conioyned by a cunning hand
Vpon their rooſes for rowes of tyle they ſtand:
Sometimes they twine them into equall threeds,
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heds:
His vpper ſap the ſting of ſerpents cures,
His new-ſprung bud a rare conſerue indures,
His burned ſtalkes with ſtrong fumoſities
Of pierſing vapours, purge the *French* diſeaſe:
And they extract from liquor of his feet,
Sharpe vineger, pure hunnie, ſugar ſweet.
There quakes the plant, which in *Pudeſtan*
Is cald *The ſhame fac'd*, for a ſhamd of man,
If toward it one doe approch too much,
It ſhrinckes his boughes to ſhun our hatefull tuche;
As if it had a ſoule, a ſence, and ſight,
Subiect to ſhame, feare, ſorrow, and deſpight.
And there, that tree from of whoſe trembling top
Both ſwimming ſhoales, and flying troupes doe drop:
I meane the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,
Whoſe leaues diſperſt by *Zephyr's* wanton blowing
Are Metamorphoſ'd both in forme and matter,
On land to foules, to fiſhes in the water. (ſame
But ſeeſt thou not (deere *Muſe*) thou treadſt the
Too-curious path, thou dooſt in others blame:
And ſtriu'ſt in vaine to paint this worke of choice,
The which no humane ſpirit, nor hand, nor voyce,
Can once conceaue, leſſe purtray, leaſt expreſſe,
All ouer-whelmd in gulphes ſo bottomles.

Who

Who (matching arte with nature) likeneth
Our groundes to EDEN, fondlie measureth
By painted butter-flies th'imperiall Eagle;
And th'*Elephant* by euerie little beagle.
This feare to faile, shall serue me for a bridle,
Least lacking winges and guide, too busie-idle,
And ouer bold, God's cabinet I clime,
To seeke the place and search the verie time,
When both our *Parents*, or but one were taine,
Out of our earth into that fruitful plaine.
How long they had that garden in possession;
Before their proud and insolent transgression:
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or whether none or anie:
Or how (at least) they should haue propagated,
If the slie malice of the serpent hated,
Causing their fal, had not defild their kinne,
And vnborne seed, with leprosie of sinne.
If voyd of *Venus*, sith vnlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flower should misse
Of virgin-head, or folke so perfect chaste
Should furious feele, when they their loues imbrast,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise,
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lies.)
And slack our sinewes all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in soule pleasure brittle.
Or whether else as men ingender now,
Sith spouse-bed spot-les lawes of God allow,

If no

If no exceſſe commaund: ſith elſe againe
The Lord had made the double ſex in vaine.
Whether their infants ſhould haue had the power,
We now perceaue in freſh youths luſtie flower,
As nimble feete, limmes ſtrong and vigorous,
Induſtrious handes, and hartes couragious,
Sith before ſinne, man ought not leſſe appeare
In natures giftes, then his then-ſeruants were:
And loe the Partridge, which new-hatched beares
On her weake backe her parent-howſe, and weares
In ſtead of winges, a beuer-ſupple downe
Followes her dam through furrowes vp and downe.
Or elſe as now, ſith in the wombe of *Eue*
A man of thirtie yeeres could neuer liue:
Nor may we iudge 'gainſt Nature's courſe apparant
Without the ſacred ſcripture's ſpecial warrant. (right
Which for our good, as heauen's deere babe, hath
To countermaund our reaſon and our ſight. (brought
Whether their ſeed ſhould with their birth haue
Deepe knowledge, reaſon, vnderſtanding-thought,
Sith now we ſee the new ſalne feeble lambe
Yet ſtaind with bloud of his diſtreſſed damme,
Knowes well the Wolfe, at whoſe fel ſight he ſhakes
And right the teate of th'vnknown Eaw he takes:
And ſith a dull dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead image, and no liuing man.
Or the thicke vaile of ignorance's night
Had hooded-vp their iſſues inward ſight,

Sith the much moiſture of an infant braine
Receiues ſo many ſhapes, that ouer-laine,
New daſh the old; and the trim commixation
Of confuſ'd fancies full of alteration,
Makes th'vnderſtanding hull, which ſettle would,
But findes no firme ground for his ankers hold.
Whether old ADAM ſhould haue left the place
Vnto his ſonnes; they, to their after-race:
Or whether altogether at the laſt
Should glorioufly from thence to heauen haue paſt.
Search who ſo liſt, who liſt let vant in pride
T'haue hit the white, and let him ſage decide
The many other doubtes that vainely riſe,
For mine owne part I will not ſeeme ſo wiſe:
I will not waſt my trauaile and my ſeed,
To reape an emptie ſtraw, or fruitles reede.
Alas, we know what *Orion* of griefe
Raind on the curſt head of the creatures *Cheefe*,
After that God againſt him warre proclaimd,
And Sathan princedome of the earth had claimd.
But none can knowe preciſelie how at all
Our Elders liu'd before their odious fall:
And vnknowne Cifer, and deepe pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his markes would miſſe:
Sith *Adam's* ſelfe, if now he liu'd a-new
Could skant vnwynd the knottie ſnarled clew
Of double doubtes, and queſtions intricate
That ſchooles diſpute about his priſtine ſtate.

But

But this ſole point I reſt reſolued in
That ſeeing death's the meere effect of ſinne,
Man had not dreaded death's al-ſlaying might,
Had he ſtil ſtood in innocence vpright.
For as two bellowes, blowing turne by turne,
By little and little make cold coales to burne,
And then their fire, inflames with glowing heate
An yron bar, which on the anuil beate,
Seemes no more yron, but flies almoſt all
In hiſsing ſparkes, and quicke bright cinders ſmall:
So the world's ſoule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire
Th'eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our ſoule (as forme) breath in our corſe
Her counte-les numbers, and heau'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies beawtie beawtified
Should (like our death-les ſoule) haue neuer died.
Heere (woat I well) ſome wranglers will preſume
To ſay, ſmall fire will by degrees conſume
Our humor radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of thoſe fruites, as yet
Had no agreement with the harmefull ſpight
Of the fell Perſian dangerous *Aconite*;
And notwithſtanding that then ADAM's taſte
Could well haue vſed all, without all waſte,
Yet could they not reſtore him euery day
Vnto his bodie that which did decay,
Becauſe the foode cannot (as being ſtrange)
So perfectlie in humane ſubſtance change:

For it reſembleth wine, wherein too-riſe
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleaſant life
Is ouer-coold, and ſo there reſtes in fine,
Nought of the ſtrength, ſauour, or taſte of wine.
Beſides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyer'd with toyle, and th'Humor-enimies,
Our death conſpiring, vndermine at laſt
Of our ſoul's priſons the foundations faſt.
I, but the tree of life the ſtrife did ſtay
Which th'humors cauſed in this houſe of clay
And ſtopping th'euill changed perfect good,
In bodie fed, the bodie of the food:
Onely the ſoules contagious maladie
Had force to fruſtrate this high remedie.
Immortall then, and mortall man was made,
Mortall he liu'd, and did immortal vade:
For fore th'effects of his rebellious ill,
To die or liue, was in his power and will:
But ſince his ſinne, and proud apoſtaſie,
Ah dye he may, but not (alas) not-dye;
As after his new-birth, he ſhall attaine
Onely a power to neuer-die againe.

FINIS.

THE DECETHON

THE SECOND booke of the first day, of the second weeke,

OF THE NOBLE, LEARned and diuine *Saluſtius*, Lord of *Bartas:* tranſlated by *Ioſuah Sylueſter.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by P. S. dwelling on Bredſtreet hill at the ſigne of the Starre.
1598.

HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENSE

TO THE RIGHT HONO-rable, *Charles*, Lord *Mountioy*, knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter.

RIght honorable, drawne by your general fame, and driuen by my eſpeciall fancie, to honor in your truely-noble, and right heroical ſpirit, your loue to learning and good letters; and moſt eſpecially, to the deuine arte of Poeſie: I haue conſecrated to your honorable Patronage this little peece of my rude labours: crauing your Lordſhips fauourable pardon for my double preſumption: For I confeſſe my skil too weak to vndertake ſo inimitable a taske: and I acknowledge my ſelfe too-vnworthie to preſent it to ſo honorable protection. But a deſire to profit my Countrie, according to my talent (or at the leaſt, to prouoke better wittes to performe better) and a zeale to purchaſe ſome meane place in your Lordſhips good conceipt, (or at the leaſt, to expreſſe my deuotion to your honorable vertues) haue made me thus far to forget my ſelfe: hoping by a forward affection, to excuſe a feeble defect.

Your honors moſt humble

and earneſtly-affected

Ioſuah Sylueſter.

To the Right honorable, *Charles*, Lord *Mountioy*,

A Sonnet.

THogh in thy Brook(*great* Charles) *there ſwim (a ſwan*
Whoſe happie, ſweet, immortal tunes can raiſe
The vertuous greatnes of thy noble praiſe
To higher notes, then my faint numbers can:
Yet while thy Lucan *doth in ſilence ſcan*
Vnto himſelfe new-meditated laies,
To finiſh vp his ſad Pharſalian *fraies;*
Lend eare to Bartas, (*now our Countriman*)
And though his Engliſh be not yet ſo good
(*As* French-men *hardly doe our tongue attaine*)
He hopeth yet to be well vnderſtood;
The rather, if you (*worthie Lord*) *ſhall daigne*
His baſhfulnes a little to aduance,
With the milde fauours of your countenance.

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

The

THE DECEIPT,
OR
THE SECOND BOOKE, OF the firſt Day, of the ſecond Weeke,
of *Saluſtius du Bartas.*

O Who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (paſsing ſwallowes, and the ſwifteſt things)
Euen in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From heauen to hell, from hell to heauen may fly?
O who ſhall ſhow the countenance and geſtures
Of Mercy and Iuſtice: which faire ſacred ſiſters
With equall poize do euer ballance euen,
Th'vnchanging proiects of the King of Heauen?
Th'one ſterne of looke, the other mild-aſpecting:
Th'on pleas'd with teares, the other bloud affecting,
Th'one beares the ſword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other brings pardon for the true-repenting:
Th'one from Earths-*Eden*, *Adam* did diſmiſſe,
Th'other hath rais'd him to a higher bliſſe.
Who ſhall direct my pen to paint the ſtory
Of wretched mans forbidden-bit-loſt glory?

What

What ſpell ſhall charme th'attentiue Readers ſence?
What fount ſhall fill my voice with eloquence,
"So that *I raps may rauiſh all our Ile*
"*With graue-ſwees warbles of my ſacred ſtile:*
Though *Adams* doome, in euery ſermon common,
And founded on the error of a woman,
Weary the vulgar; and be iudg'd a ieſt
Of the prophane, zeale-ſcoffing Atheiſt?
Ah, thou, my God, euen thou (my ſoule refining
In holy faiths pure furnace, cleerely ſhining)
Shalt make my hap far to ſurmount my hope,
Inſtruct my ſpirit, and giue my tongue ſmooth ſcope,
Thou, bounteous, in my bold attempts ſhalt grace me,
And in the ranke of holieſt Poets place me:
And franckly grant, that ſoaring neere the skie,
Among our Authors Egle-like I flie:
Or, at the leaſt (if heau'n ſuch hap denay)
I may point others, Honors beauteous way.
While *Adam* bathes in theſe felicities,
Hels Prince, ſlie parent of reuolt and lyes,
Feeles a peſtiferous, buſie-ſwarming neſt
Of neuer-dying Dragons in his breſt,
Sucking his bloud, tyring vpon his lungs,
Pinching his entrailes with ten thouſand tonges,
His curſed ſoule ſtill moſt extreamly racking,
Too franke in giuing torments, and in taking:
But aboue all, hate, pride, and enuious ſpight,
His helliſh life do torture day and night:

For

For th'hate he beares to God, who hath him driuen
Iuſtly, for euer from the glittering heauen,
To dwell in darkenes of a ſulphry clowd
(Though ſtill his brethrens ſeruice be allow'd:)
The proud deſire to haue in his ſubiection
Mankind inchaind in gyues of ſinnes infection,
And th'enuious hart breake to ſee yet to ſhine
In *Adams* face Gods Image all diuine,
Which he had loſt, and that man might atchieue
The glorious bliſſe, his pride did him depriue:
Growne barbarous tyrants of his trecherous will,
Spur on his courſe, his rage redoubling ſtill:
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)
'T is that old *Python* which through hundred throtes,
Doth proudly hiſſe, and paſt his wont, doth fire
A hell of furies in his fell deſire,
His enuious hart, ſelf-ſwoln with ſullen ſpright,
Brookes nether greater, like, nor leſſer wight:
Dreads th'one, as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (iealous) doubts the riſing of the other.
To vent his poiſon, this notorious tempter,
Meere ſpirit aſſailes not *Eue*, but doth attempt her
In fained forme: for els, the ſoule diuine
Which rul'd (as Queene) the Little-worlds deſigne,
So purely kept her vow of chaſtity
That he in vaine ſhould trie her conſtancy.
Therefore he fleſhly doth the fleſh aſſaie,
Suborning that her miſtres to betray,

A ſubtle Pandor with more ticing ſlights
Then ſea hath fiſh, or heau'n hath twinckling lights.
For had he been, of an etheriall matter,
Of fiery ſubſtance, or aieriall nature;
The needfull helpe of language had he wanted,
Whereby Faiths ground-worke was to be ſupplanted:
Sith ſuch pure bodies haue nor teeth, nor tongues
Lips, artires, noſe, palate, nor panting lungs
Which rightly plac't are properly created
True inſtruments of ſounds articulated.
And further-more though from his birth h'had had
Hart-charming cunning ſmoothly to perſwade,
He feard (malicious) if he careles, came
Vn-masked, like himſelfe, in his own name,
In deep diſtruſt man entring, ſuddainly
Would ſtop his eares, and his foule preſence flie.
As (oppoſite) taking the ſhining face
Of ſacred Angels full of glorious grace,
He then ſuſpected leaſt th'Omnipotent
Should thinke man's fal ſcarce worthy puniſhment.
Much like therefore, ſome theefe that doth cõceiue
From trauailors both life and goods to reaue,
And in the twilight (while the moone doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neere the Kings high-way,
Himſelfe doth ambuſh in a buſhy Thorne,
Then in a Caue, then in a field of Corne,
Creepes to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet, the ſafety of each place doth doubt,

Till

Till reſolute; at laſt (vpon his knee
Taking his leuell,) from a hollow tree
He ſwiftly ſends his fire-wing'd meſſenger
At his falſe ſute t'arreſt the paſſenger:
Our freedoms felon, fountaine of our ſorrow,
Thinks, now the beauty of a horſe to borrow;
Anon to creep into a haifers ſide;
Then in a Cocke, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himſelfe to ſhroud;
Then in the ſtarr'd plumes of a Peacocke proud;
And leaſt he miſſe a miſchiefe to effect,
Oft changeth mind, and varries oft aſpect.
At laſt, remembring that of all the broods
In mountaines, plaines, aires, waters, wilds, & woods
The knotty ſerpents ſpotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflammation: (pawes,
And though they want dogs teeth, bores tuſks, beares
The vulters bill, buls hornes, and griffins clawes,
Yea ſeeme ſo weake, as if they had not might
To hurt vs once, much leſſe to kill vs quite:
Yet many times they trecherouſly betray vs, (vs:
And with their breath, looke, toung, or traine they ſlay
He crafty cloakes him in a Dragons skin
All bright-beſpect, that ſpeaking ſo within
That hollow ſagbuts ſupple wreathing plies,
The mouer might with th'organ ſympathize.
For yet the faith-les ſerpent (as they ſay)
With horror crawl'd not groueling on the clay,

Nor

Nor to mankind as yet was held for hatefull,
Sith that's the hire of his offence ingratefull.
But now, to cenſure how this change befell
Our wits come ſhort, our words ſuffice not well
To vtter it: much leſſe our feeble arte
Can imitate this ſlie malicious parte.
Sometimes me ſeemes (troubling *Eues* ſpirit) ỹ fiend
Made her this ſpeaking fancy apprehend.
For as in liquid cloudes exhaled thicklie
Water and ayre (as moiſt) do mingle quickly:
The euill Angels ſlide too-eaſily,
As ſubtile ſpirits, into our fantaſie.
Sometimes me ſeemes ſhe ſaw (woe-worth the hap)
No very ſerpent, but a ſerpents ſhape:
Whether that Sathan plaid the Iugler there
Who tender eyes with charmed tapers bleare,
Transforming ſo by ſubtle vapory gleames
Mens heads to monſters, into Eeles the beames:
Or whether Deuils hauing bodies light,
Quicke, nimble, actiue, apt to change with ſlight
In ſhapes or ſhewes, they guileſull haue propoſed:
In briefe, like th'aire whereof they are compoſed,
For as the ayre with ſcattered clouds be ſpred,
Is heere and there, blacke, yellow, white, and red,
Reſembling armies, monſters, mountaines, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Caſtles, foreſts, ſhips, and wagons,
And ſuch to vs through glaſſe tranſparant cleere
From forme to forme varying it doth appeere:

So

So theſe ſeducers can grow great, or ſmall,
Or round, or ſquare, or ſtraight, or ſhort, or tall,
As fits the paſſions they are moued by,
And ſuch our ſoule receiues them from our eye.
Sometimes; that Sathan only for this worke
Fain'd him a ſerpents ſhape wherein to lurke.
For, nature framing our ſoules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wiſe,
In malice crafty: curious they aſſemble
Small elements, which (as of kinne) reſemble,
Whereof a maſſe is made, and there-unto
They ſoone giue growth and liuely motion too.
Not that they be creators: for th'Almighty
Who firſt of nothing made vaſt *Amphitrite*,
The worlds dull center, heau'ns ay-turning frame
And whirling ayre, ſole merits that high name:
Who (only *Beeing*) being giues to all,
And of all things, the ſeeds ſubſtantiall
Within their firſt-borne bodies hath incloſed
To be in time by natures hand diſpoſed:
Not thoſe, who (taught by curious arte or nature)
Haue giu'n to things heau'n-pointed forme & ſtature,
Haſtned their growth, or wakened learnedly
The formes that forme-les in the lumpe did lie.
But (to conclude) I thinke 'twas no conceipt,
No fained Idoll, nor no iugling ſleight
Nor body borrowed for this vſes ſake,
But the ſelfe ſerpent which the Lord did make,

In

In the beginning: for his hatefull breed
Beares yet the paine of this pernicious deed.
Yet 'tis a doubt, whether the Deuil did
Gouern the Dragon (not there ſelfe lie hid)
To raiſe his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally abſent, preſent by effect:
As when the ſweet ſtrings of a lute we ſtrike,
Another Lute laid neere it, ſounds the like
Nay the ſame note, through ſecret ſympathy
Vntoucht receiuing life and harmony.
Or as a ſtar which (though far diſtant) poures
Vpon our heads, haples or happy ſhowers.
Or whether for a time he did abide
Within the doubling ſerpents damaske hide,
Holding a place-les place: as our ſoule deere,
Through the dim lanthorne of our fleſh ſhines cleere,
Aud bound-les bounds it ſelfe in ſo ſtraight ſpace
As forme in body, not as body in place.
But this ſtands ſure, how euer els it went,
Th'old ſerpent ſeru'd as Sathans inſtrument
To charme in *Eden* with a ſtrong illuſion
Our ſilly Grandame to her ſelfs confuſion.
For as an old, rude, rotten, tune-les kit,
"If famous *Dowland* daign to finger it
Makes ſweeter Muſicke then the choiceſt Lute
In the groſſe handling of a clowniſh brute:
So while a learned fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command

This

This ſelfe-dumbe Creatures glozing Rhetcrike
With baſhfull ſhame great Orators would ſtrike.
So fairy trunckes within *Epyrus* groue
Mou'd by the ſpirit that was inſpir'd by *Ioue*,
With fluent voice (to euery one that ſeekes)
Foretell the fates of light beleeuing Greekes:
So all incenſt, the pale *Engaſtromith*,
(Rul'd by the furious ſpirit he's haunted with,)
Speakes in his wombe, ſo well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting vp his thought
On Sathans wing) tel with a tongue diſtraught
Strange Oracles, and his ſick ſpirit doth plead
Euen of thoſe Arts that he did neuer read.
O ruth-les murderer of immortall ſoules!
Alas, to pull vs from the happy Poles,
And plunge vs headlong in thy yawning hell,
Thy ceaſe-les fraudes and fetches who can tell?
Thou plaiſt the Lyon when thou dooſt ingage
Bloud-thirſty *Nero's* barbarous hart with rage,
While fleſht in murders butcher-like he paints
The ſaint-poore world with the deere bloud of Saints.
Thou plaiſt the dog when by the mouth prophane
Of ſome falſe Prophet thou dooſt belch thy bane,
While from the pulpit barkinglie he rings
Bold blaſphemies againſt the King of Kings.
Thou plaiſt the ſwine, whē plung'd in pleaſures vile,
Some Epicure doth ſober minds defile,

Transforming lewdly by his looſe impiety,
Strict *Lacedemon* to a ſoft ſociety.
Thou plaiſt the Nightingale, or els the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician
With captious wit and curious language, drawes
Seduced hearers, and ſubuerts the lawes.
Thou plaiſt the Foxe when thou dooſt faine aright
The face and phraſe of ſome deep hypocrite,
True painted toombe, dead-ſeeming coals, but quick;
A ſcorpion fel, whoſe hidden taile doth pricke.
Yet this were little, if thy ſpight audacious,
Spar'd (at the leaſt) the face of Angels gracious;
And if thou didſt not Apelie imitate
Th'Almighties works, the warieſt wits to mate.
But (without numbring all thy ſubtle baits,
And nimble iugling with a thouſand ſleights,
Timely returning where I firſt digreſt,
I'le only heere thy firſt DECEIPT digeſt.
The Dragon then, mans fortreſſe to ſurpriſe,
Followes ſome Captaines martiall policies,
Who, yer too-neere an aduerſe place he pitch,
The ſcituation markes, and ſounds the ditch,
With his eyes leuell the ſteep wall he meats,
Surueies the flanks, his campe in order ſets,
And then approching, batters ſore the ſide
Which arte and nature haue leaſt fortifide:
So this old ſoldier hauing marked rife
The firſt-borne payres yet danger-dread-les life,

Mounting

Mounting his canons, ſubtly heaſſaults
The part he finds in euident defaults:
Namely poore woman, wauering, weake, vnwiſe,
Light, credulous, newes-louer, giuen to lies.
Eue, ſecond honor of this vniuers!
Iſt true (I pray) that iealous god, peruerſe
Forbids, quoth he, both you and all your race,
All the faire fruites theſe ſiluer brookes imbrace:
So oft bequeathd you, and by you poſſeſt,
And day and night by your own labor dreſt?
With th'ayre of theſe ſweet words the wilie ſnake
A poiſned ayre inſpired (as it ſpake)
In *Eues* fraile breſt; who thus replies, ô know
What e're thou be (but thy kind care doth ſhew
A gentle friend) that all the fruites and flowers
In this earths-heau'n are in our hands and powers
Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,
Which in the midſt of this green ground doth ſhine;
But al-good God (alas, I woat not why)
Forbod vs touch that tree on paine to die.
She ceaſt: already brooding in her hart
A curious wiſh that will her weale ſubuert:
As a falſe louer that thicke ſnares hath laid,
T'intrap the honor of a faire young maid,
When ſhe (though little) liſtning eare affoords
To his ſweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feeles ſome aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
And ſoothes himſelfe with hope, to gaine his game,

And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perſiſts,
That parleing Citty neuer long reſiſts:
Euen ſo the Serpent that doth counterfet
A guilefull call t'allure vs to his net;
Perceauing *Eue* his flattering gloze diſgeſt
He proſecutes, and iocound, doth not reſt,
Till he haue tri'd, foot, hand, and head and all,
Vpon the breach of this new battered wall.
No, faire (quoth he) beleeue not that the care
God hath, mankind from ſpoiling death to ſpare,
Makes him forbid you on ſo ſtrict condition
This pureſt, faireſt, rareſt, fruites fruition:
A doubtfull feare, an enuie, and a hate,
His iealous hart for euer cruciate,
Sith the ſuſpected vertue of this tree
Shall ſoone diſperſe the cloud of Idiocie,
Which dims your eyes: and further make ye ſeem,
Excelling vs, euen equall Gods to him.
O worlds rare glory, reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach (I ſay) why dooſt thou ſtop or ſtand?
Begin thy bliſſe, and do not feare the threat
Of an vncertaine god-head, only great
Through ſelfe-awd zeale: put on the gliſtring Pall
Of immortality: do not fore-ſtall
(As enuious ſtepdame) thy poſterity
The ſoueraigne honor of *Diuinity*.
This parle ended, our ambitious Grandame,
Who only yet did hart and eye abandon

Againſt the Lord: now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.
A nouice theefe, that in a cloſet ſpies
A heap of gold, that on the table lies;
Pale, fearefull, ſhiuering, twice or thrice extends
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet againe returnes; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, vp in his cloake it makes,
Scarce findes the doore, with faultring foot he flies
And ſtil lookes backe for feare of *Hu-on cryes*:
Euen ſo doth *Eue* ſhew by like fearefull faſhions,
The doubtfull combat of contending paſsions;
She would, ſhe would not; glad, ſad; comes, and goes:
And long ſhe martes about a match of woes:
But (out alas) at laſt ſhe toucheth it,
And hauing toucht, taſtes the forbidden bit.
Now, as a man that from a lofty Clift,
Or ſteepy mountaine doth deſcend too ſwift,
Stumbling at ſomwhat, quickly clips ſome lim
Of ſome deere kinſman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, ſo brings his frend
To an vntimely, ſad, and ſuddaine end:
Our mother falling, hales her ſpouſe anon
Downe to the gulph of pitchie *Acheron*.
For, to the wiſht fruites beautifull aſpect,
Sweet Nectar-taſte, and wonderfull effect;
Cunningly adding her quaint ſmiling glances,
Her witty ſpeech, and pretty countenances,

She ſo preuailes that her blind Lord at laſt
A morſell of the ſharpe-ſweet fruit doth taſt.
Then ſuddainly wide-open feele they might
(Seal'd for their good) both ſoules and bodies ſight;
But the ſad ſoule hath loſt the Character,
And ſacred Image that did honor her:
The wretched bodie, full of ſhame and ſorrow
To ſee it naked, is inforc'd to borrow
The trees broad leaues, whereof they aprons frame
From heau'ns faire eye to hide their filthy ſhame.
Alas fond death-lings! ô behold how cleere
The knowledge is that you haue bought ſo deere:
In heauenly things yee are more blind then moules,
In earthlie owles: ô thinke ye (ſilly ſoules)
The ſight that ſwiftly through th'earths ſolide centers
(As globes of pure tranſparant criſtall) enters,
Cannot tranſpierce your leaues? or do yee ween
Couering your ſhame ſo to conceale your ſinne?
Or that a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the ſearch of heau'ns al-ſeeing eye?
Thus yet mans troubled dull intelligence
Had of his fault but a confuſed ſence:
As in a dreame, after much drinke it chances,
Diſturbed ſpirits are vext with rauing fancies.
Therefore the Lord within the Garden faire,
Mouing betimes I woat not I what ayre,
But ſupernaturall: whoſe breath diuine
Brings of his preſence a moſt certaine ſigne:

Awakes

Awakes their Lethargie, and to the quick
Their ſelf-doomb'd ſoules doth ſharply preſſe & prick:
Now more and more making their pride to feare
The frowning viſage of their Iudge ſeuere
To ſeeke newe refuge in more ſecret harbors
Among the darke ſhade of thoſe tufting arbors.
Adam (quoth God) with thundering maieſtie)
Where art thou (wretch?) what dooſt thou? anſwere me
Thy God and father, from whoſe hand, thy health
Thou holdſt, thine honor, and all ſorts of wealth?
At this ſad ſummons, woefull man reſembles
A bearded ruſh that in a riuer trembles,
His roſie cheeks, are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying bodie, drops an icy dew;
His tear-drownd eyes, a night of clouds bedims;
About his eares, a buzzing horror ſwims;
His fainting knees, with feeblenes are humble;
His foultring feet do ſlide away and ſtumble:
He hath not now his free, bold, ſtately port;
But down-ward lookes, in fearefull ſlauiſh ſort:
Now nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* reſt;
He feeles his ſences pain'd, his ſoule oppreſt:
A confus'd hoaſt of violent paſsions iar;
His fleſh and ſpirit are in continuall war:
And now no more, through conſcience of his error,
He heares or ſees th'almighty, but with terror;
And loth he anſweares (as with tongue diſtraught)
Confeſsing (thus) his feare, but not his fault.

O Lord! thy voice, thy dreadfull voice hath made
Me fearefull hide me in this couert ſhade,
For naked (as I am) ô moſt of might!
I dare not come before thine awfull ſight.
Naked (quoth God) why (faith-les renegate,
Apoſtate pagan) who hath told thee that?
Whéce ſprings thy ſhame? what makes thee thus to run
From ſhade to ſhade, my preſence ſtill to ſhun?
Haſt thou not taſted of the learned tree,
Whereof on paine of death, I warned thee?
O righteous God (quoth *Adam*) I am free
From this offence, the wife thou gaueſt me,
For my companion and my comforter
She made me eat that deadly meat with her.
And thou (quoth God) ô ỹ fraile trecherous bride,
Why, with thy ſelfe, haſt thou ſeduc'd thy guide?
Lord (anſweres *Eue*) the ſerpent did intice
My ſimple frailty to this ſinfull vice.
Marke heere, how he, who feares not who reforme
His high decrees, not ſubiect vnto forme,
Or ſtile of Court: who al-wiſe, hath no need
T'examine proofe or witnes of the deed:
Who for ſuſtaining of vnequall skale
Dreads not the doome of a *Mercuriall*:
Yer ſentence paſſe, doth publikely conuent,
Confrunt, and heare with eare indifferent
Th'offendors ſad: then with iuſt indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull condemnation.

Ah

Ah curſed ſerpent which my fingers made
To ſerue mankind: th'haſt made thy ſelfe a blade,
Wherewith vaine Man and his inueigled wife,
Selfe-parricides haue reft their proper life.
For this thy fault true fountaine of all ill
Thou ſhalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures ſtill:
Groueling in duſt, of duſt thou aye ſhalt feede:
I'le kindle warre betweene the woman's ſeed
And thy fel race; hers on the head ſhall ding
Thine: thine againe hers in the heele ſhall ſting.
Rebel to me, vnto thy kindred curſt,
Falſe to thy husband, to thy ſelfe the wooriſt:
Hope not, thy fruite ſo eaſ'lie to bring-forth
As now thou ſlayſt it: henceforth euerie birth
Shall torture thee with thouſand ſortes of paine,
Each artire, ſinew, muſcle, ioynt, and vaine,
Shall feele his part: beſides ſoule vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thought-ful languiſhings,
With change of color, ſwounes, and manie others,
Eternal fellowes of all future mothers:
Vnder his yoake, thy husband thee ſhall haue,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrant's ſlaue.
And thou diſloyall which haſt harkned more
To a wanton fondling then my ſacred lore:
Henceforth the ſweate ſhall bubble on thy brow,
Thy hands ſhall bliſter and thy backe ſhall bow,
Ne'r ſhalt thou ſend into thy branchie vaines,
A bit, but bought with price of thowſand paines:

For

For the earth feeling (euen in her) th'effect
Of the doome thundred 'gainſt thy foule defect:
In ſtead of ſweet fruites which ſhe ſelfelie yeeldes
Seed-les, and art-les ouer all thy fieldes,
With thornes and burs ſhall briſtle vp her breſt:
(In ſhort) thou ſhalt not taſte the ſweetes of reſt,
Till ruth-les death by his extreameſt paine
Thy duſt-borne bodie turne to duſt againe.
Heere, I conceiue, that fleſh and bloud will brangle,
And murmuring reaſon, with th'almightie wrangle,
Who did our parents with *Free-will* indue,
Though he fore-ſawe that that would be the clew
Should lead their ſteps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thowſand times a day:
Now all that he foreſees befals: and further
He all euents by his free power doth order.
Man taxeth God of too-vniuſt ſeueritie;
For plaging *Adams* ſinne in his poſteritie:
So that th'ould yeeres renewed generations,
Cannot aſſwage his venging indignations,
Which haue no other ground to proſecute,
But the miſſ-eating of a certaine fruite.
O duſtie wormeling! dar'ſt thou ſtriue and ſtand
With heaun's high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch, de-
Count of his deedes? ah ſhall the Potter make (maund
His clay, ſuch faſhion as him liſt to take?
And ſhall not God (worlds founder, nature's father)
Diſpoſe of man (his owne meere creature) rather?

The

The ſupreame king who (Iudge of greateſt kings)
By number, waight, and meaſure, actes all thinges,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Iuſtice patron ſtrong,
Lawe's life, Rights rule, will he doe any wrong?
Man, holdeſt thou of God thy francke *Freewill*,
But free t'obay his ſacred goodnes ſtill?
Freely to follow him, and doo his heſt,
Not *Philtre*-charmd, nor by *Buſirus* preſt?
God armes thee with diſcourſe: but thou (O wretch)
By the keene edge the wound-ſoule ſword dooſt catch;
Killing thy ſelfe, and in thy loynes thy line,
O banefull ſpider (weauing wofull twine)
All heauens pure flowers thou turneſt into poyſon:
Thy ſence reaues ſence: thy reaſon robs thy reaſon.
For thou complayneſt of God's grace, whoſe ſtill
Extractes from droſſe of thine audacious ill,
Three vnexpected goods: prayſe, for his name,
Bliſſe, for thy ſelfe; for Sathan, endles ſhame.
Sith, but for ſinne *Iuſtice* and *Mercie* were
But idle names: and but that thou didſt erre,
CHRIST had not comne, to conquer and to quel
Vpon the Croſſe, ſinne, Sathan, death, and hel.
Making the bleſſed more ſince thine offence,
Then in thy primer happie innocence. (doubt
Then, mightſt thou die; now, death thou dooſt not
Now, in the hauen; then, didſt thou ride without:
In earth, thou liud'ſt then; now in heau'n thou beeſt:
Then, thou didſt heare Gods word; it, now thou ſeeſt:

Then,

Then, pleaſant fruites; now, *Chriſt* is thy repaſt:
Then, mightſt thou fall; but now thou ſtandeſt faſt.
Now, *Adam's* fault was not in deed ſo light,
As ſeemes to Reaſon's ſin-bleard owlie ſight:
But 'twas a chaine where all the greateſt ſinnes
Were one in other lincked faſt, as twinnes:
Ingratitude, pride, treaſon, gluttonie,
Too-curious skill-thirſt, enuie, felonie,
Too-light, too-late beleefe; were the ſweet baites
That made him wander from heaun's holy ſtraightes.
What wouldſt thou (father) ſay vnto a ſonne
Of perfect age, to whome for portion,
(Witting and willing, while thy ſelfe yet liueſt,)
All thy poſſeſsions in the earth thou giueſt:
And yet th'vngratefull grace-les, inſolent
In thine owne land, rebellion doth inuent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memorie;
By Gods owne hand made with great maieſtie,
Not poore, nor pined; but at whoſe commaund
The rich aboundance of the world doth ſtand:
Not ſlaue to ſence, but hauing freely might
To bridle it, and range it ſtill aright:
No idiot foole, nor drunke with vaine opinion;
But God's diſciple and his deereſt minion.
Who raſhlie growes for little, nay for nought
His deadlie foe that all his good had wrought:
So mayſt thou gueſſe, what whip, what rope, what rack,
What fire, were fit to puniſh *Adams* lacke.

Then:

Then: ſith Man's ſinne by little and little runnes
End-les through euerie Age from ſires to ſonnes;
And ſtill the farther this fowle ſinne-ſpring flowes
It ſtill more muddie and more filthie growes.
Thou ought'ſt not maruaile, if (euen, yet) his ſeed
Feele the iuſt wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keene ſting of concupiſence
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;
The vnborne babe, hid in the mothers wombe,
Is, ſorrowes ſeruant, and ſinn's ſeruile groome,
As a fraile Mote from the firſt Maſſe extra'ct,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound ofspring, comes not of a kind infected:
Partes are not faire, if totall be defected:
And a defiled ſtincking ſincke doth yeeld
More durt, then water, to the neighbor feeld.
While nights blacke muffler hoodeth vp the skies,
The ſillie blind-man miſſeth not his eyes:
But when the day ſummons to woorke againe,
His night, eternall then he doth complaine,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas)
Is faine to guide his foot, and ſhield his face:
So man that liueth in the wombes obſcuritie,
Knowes not; nor maketh knowne his luſtes impuritie:
Which, for 'tis ſowne in a too-plenteous ground
Takes roote already in the caues profound
Of his infected hart: with's birth, it peares,
And growes in ſtrength, as he doth growe in yeeres:

And

And waxt a tree (though proynd with thousand cares,)
An execrable deadlie fruite it beares.
Thou seest, no wheat, *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor barlie, from the madding Morrell spring:
Nor, bleating lambes, braue Lyons doe not breed:
That leprous parents, raise a leprous seed:
Euen so our Grandsire, liuing innocent,
Had stock't the whole world with a saint-descent:
But suffering sinne in EDEN him inuade,
His sonnes, the sonnes of sinne and wrath he made.
For God did seeme t'indow with glorie and grace,
Not the first Man so much, as all mans race:
And after reaue againe those giftes deuine,
Not him so much, as in him all his line.
For if an odious traytour that conspires
Against a prince, or to his state aspires,
Feele not alone the lawes extremitie,
But his sonnes sonnes (although sometimes they be
Honest and vertuous) for their fathers blame,
Are hap-les, skarr'd with an eternall shame:
May not th'eternall, with a righteous terror,
In *Adam's* issue punish *Adam's* error?
May he not thrall them vnder death's commaund:
And seare their browes with euerlasting brand
Of infamie, who in his stocke (accurst)
Haue graft woorse slips then *Adam* set at first?
Man's seed then iustlie, by succession
Beares the hard penance of his high transgression:

And

And *Adam* here from *Eden* baniſhed,
As firſt offender is firſt puniſhed. (race,
Hence (quoth the Lord,) hence, hence, accurſed
Out of my garden: quick, auoyd the place,
This beawteous place pride of this vniuers,
A houſe, vnworthie Maſters to peruerſe.
* Thoſe that (in quarrel of the Strong of Strongs;
"And iuſt reuenge of Queene, and countries wrongs)
"Were witneſſes to all the woefull plaintes,
"The ſighes, and teares, and pitifull complaintes,
"Of brauing Spaniards, (chiefly braue in word)
"When by the valiant, heau'n-aſsiſted ſword,
"Of Mars his heire (now Englands Martiall Earle,)
"Our Albions patron, and Eliza's pearle
"They were expulſt from Cad'x their deereſt pleaſure
"Looſing their Towne, their honor, & their treaſure.
"Woe worth (ſayd, they) wo worth our kings ambitiõ;
"Woe worth our Cleargie, and their Inquiſition:
"He ſeekes new kingdomes, and doth loſe his old;
"They burne for conſcience, but their thirſt is gold.
"Woe, and alas, woe to the vaine brauados,
"Of Typhon-lyke-in vincible ARMADOS,
"Which like the vaunting Monſter-man of Gath,
"Haue ſtirrd againſt vs little Dauids wrath.
"Woe-worth our ſinnes: woe-worth our ſelues, and all
"Accurſed cauſes of our ſodaine fall:
Thoſe well may gueſſe, the bitter agonies,
And lukewarme riuers guſhing downe the eyes

Of

Of our first *Parents*, out of *Eden* driuen
(Of repeale hopeles) by the hand of heauen:
For the Almightie set before the dore
Of th'holy Parke, a *Seraphin*, that bore
A wauing sword, whose bodie shined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midst of night,
A bodie meerely *Metaphysicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE vnicall,
Th' *Act-simplie-pure*, the onlie-beeing BEEING,)
Approcheth matter, n'ertheless, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is so made
So meerelie spirit, that, not the murdering blade,
His ioyned quantitie can part in two,
For pure it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doo*.

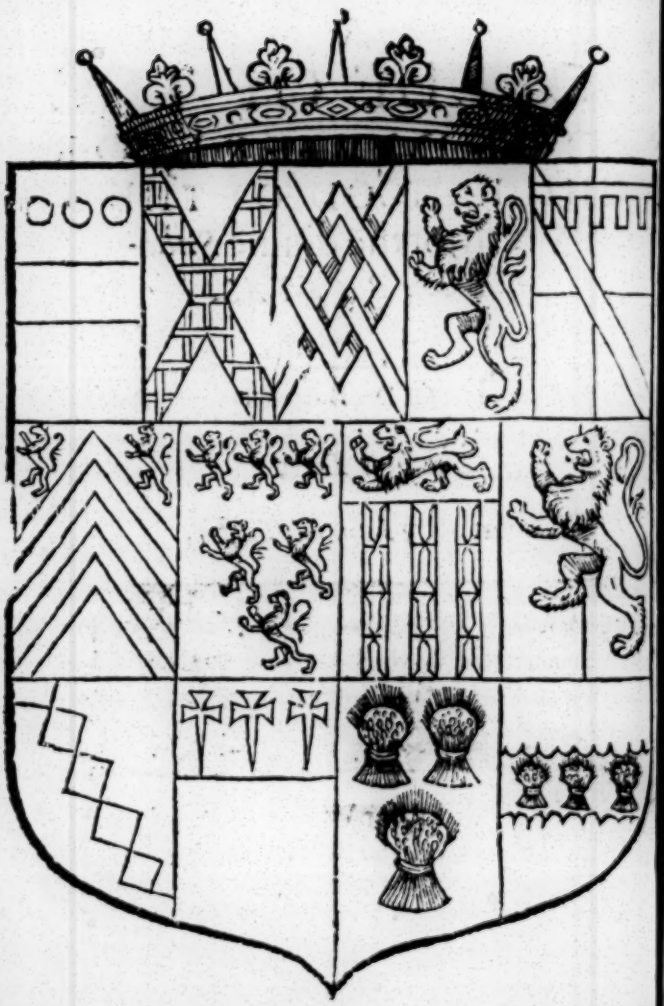
FINIS.

A SEQVELE OF THE SECOND-VVEEKE, OR CHILDEHOOD OF THE VVorld, of the diuine *Saluſtius Du BARTAS*.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF *The firſt Day*.

Tranſlated by *Ioſuah Sylueſter*.

Printed by P. Short, for William Wood, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Weſt ende of Paules.
1598.



¶ To the Right Honorable,

Robert Earle of Essex & Ewe, Earle Marshall of England, Viscount Hereford and Bourgcher, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bourgcher, and Louein: and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter: Master of her Maiesties Horse, and of the Ordinance: and one of her Highnesse most Honorable priuy Counsell: and Chancellor of the Vniuersitie of Cambridge.

From th' Arke *of* Hope *still tossed in distresse*
On th'angrie Deluge *of disastrous plight,*
My sillie Doue, *heere takes her second flight,*
To view (great Lord) your World *of worthines*
Vouchsafe (rare Plant of perfect Noblenes)
Some branch of safetie wheron she may light,
Some Oliue leafe that may presage me right
A safe escape from this wet Wildernes.
So, when the Floud *of my deepe Cares shall fall*
And I bee landed on sweet Comforts *Hill,*
First my pure thoughts to Heauen present I shall,
Then on your fauours meditating still,
My zealous Muse *shall daily striue to frame*
Some fairer Tropheis *to your glorious* Name.

Your Lordships
euer-most humblie-deuoted.
Iosuah Sylvester.

Amicissimo Iosuæ Sylvestri, Secundæ Salustij Hebdomadis interpreti, Encomium.

QVod conspecta Pharus vario dat lumine, vasta
Æquora sulcanti, cum vaga Luna silet:
Et quod lustratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in siluis dum manifestat iter:
Hoc dat præstanti methodo SALVSTIVS *illis*
Cognitio sancta queis placet historia.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis IOSVA *noster,*
Qui solus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictæ flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Musa tua est BARTAS *dulcissima: Musa videtur*
Ipsa tamen NOSTRI, *dulcior esse mihi.*

Si. Carril. Generosus.

THE FVRIES.

¶ The thirde Booke of the *firſt Day of the Second Weeke*, of *Saluſtius* du *BARTAS*.

THis's not the World: O whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vaulte,
Which daies reducing and renuing nightes,
Renewes the griefe of mine afflicted ſprights;
This ſea I ſaile, this troubled ayre I ſip,
Are not *The Firſt-Weeke* glorious workmanſhip:
This wretched Round is not the goodlie Globe
Th'Eternall trimmed in ſo various robe;
'Tis but a dungeon and a dreadfull Caue,
Of that firſt World the miſerable graue.
Al-quickning Spirit, great God, that iuſtlie-ſtrange
Iudg-turned-father, wrought'ſt his wondrous change,
Change and new-mould me, Lord, my hand aſſiſt,
That in my muſe appeere no earthly miſt,
Make me thine organ, giue my voice dexteritie
Sadly to ſing this ſad Change to Poſteritie.

And bounteous Giuer of each perfect guift,
So tune my voice to his ſweet-ſacred Cliff't,
That in each ſtraine my rude vnready tongue
Bee liuely Eccho of his learned Song.
And let our holy Muſicke, hence-forth rauiſh
All wel-borne Soules from fancies lewdly-lauiſh,
(Of charming Sinne the deep-inchaunting Syrens,
The ſnares of vertue, valour-ſoftning Hyrens)
That touch't with terrour of thine indignation,
Preſented in this woefull Alteration,
Wee all may ſeeke by praier and true repentance
To ſhun the rigour of thy wrathfull ſentence

YER THAT our Sire (ô too-too-proudly-baſe)
Turnd taile to God, and to the fiend his face,
This mightie World did ſeeme an Inſtrument
Trew-ſtrung, well-tunde, and handled excellent,
Whoſe ſymphonie reſounded ſweetly-ſhrill,
Th'Almighties praiſe, who plaid vpon it ſtill.
While man ſerud God the worlde ſerud him, the lyue
And liue-les creatures ſeemed all to ſtriue
To nurſe this league, and louing zealouſly
Theſe two deere Heads, embraced mutually,
In ſweet accord, the baſe with high reioiſt,
The hot with cold, the ſolide with the moiſt,
And innocent *Aſtréa* did combine
All with the maſtick of a Loue deuine.

For th'hidden loue that nowe adaies doth hold
The Steele and Load-ſtone, *Hydrargire* and Gold,
Th'Ambe:

Th'Amber and ſtraw; that lodgeth in one ſhell
Pearle-fiſh and *Sharpling*: and vnites ſo well
Sargons and *Goates*, the *Sperage* and the *Ruſh*,
Th'*Elme* and the *Vine*, th'*Oliue* and *Mirtle-buſh*,
Is but a ſpark or ſhadow of that Loue
Which at the firſt in euery thing did moue,
When as th'Earthes *Muſes* with harmonious ſound
To Heauens ſweet *Muſike* humblie did reſound.
But *Adam*, beeing cheefe of all the ſtringes
Of this large Lute, ore-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melodie
Of warbling Charmes, it yels ſo hideouſly,
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoiles
To raiſe againe th'old *Chaos* antike broiles.
Heau'n, that ſtill ſmiling on his Paramoure,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* poure,
Now with his haile, his raine, his froſt, and heate,
Doth partch, and pinch, and ouer-whelme, and beate,
And hoares her head with ſnowes, and ielous daſhes
Againſt her browes his fiery lightning flaſhes.
On th'other ſide the ſullen, enuious Earth
From blackeſt Cels of her foule breſt ſends forth
A thouſand foggie fumes, which euerie where
With cloudie miſts Heau'ns chriſtal frunt beſmeare,
Since that, the Woolfe the trembling Sheep purſues;
The crowing Cocke, the Lyon ſtout eſchewes;
The Pullaine hide them from the Puttocks flight,
The Maſtie's mute at the *Hyæna's* ſight:

Yea(who would think it?)theſe fell enmities
Rage in the ſence-les truncks of plants and trees,
The *Vine* the *Cole*, the *Cole-wurt* *Sow-bread* dreeds,
The *Fearne* abhors the hollow wauing *Reeds*,
The *Olyue* and the *Oake* participate
Euen to their earth, ſignes of their auncient hate,
Which ſuffers not (ô date-les diſcord) th'one
Liue in that ground where th'other firſt hath grown,
O ſtrange inſtinct, ô deepe immortal rage,
Whoſe fierie fewd no *Lethe* floud can ſwage.
So, at the ſound of Wolf-drums rattling thunder
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-drum doth rent in ſunder:
So that fel monſters twiſted entraile cuts
By ſecret power, the poore Lambes twined guts,
Which (after death) in ſteede of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeake vpon an Yuorie Lute:
And ſo the Princelie Eagles rauening plumes
The feathers of all other foules conſumes.
The *Firſt-wou'd-Heau'n* (in't ſelfe it ſelfe ſtill ſtirring)
Raps with his courſe, quicker thē winds ſwift whirring,
All th'other Spheares, and to *Alcides* Spyres
From *Alexanders* Altars driues their fiers:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heere beneath,
Erring, drawes all into the pathes of death;
And on rough ſeas, as a blind Pilot raſh,
Againſt the rock of heau'ns iuſt wrath doth daſh
The Worldes great Veſſel, ſailing yerſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet ſeas.

For

For yer his fall, which way ſo e're he rowld
His wondering eies God euerie-where behold;
In heau'n, in earth, in Ocean, and in ayre,
He ſees, and feeles, and findes him euerie where,
The World was like a large and ſumptuous Shop
Where God his goodlie treaſures did vnwrap:
Or chriſtal glaſſe, moſt liuely repreſenting
His ſacred goodnes euerie where frequenting.
But ſince his ſinne, the woefull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, groue, field, fountaine, ſtreame, or ſtone,
Beaſt, mountaine, valley, ſeagate, ſhoare, or hauen,
But beares his deaths-doombe openly ingrauen,
In briefe, the whole ſcope this round Center hath,
Is a true ſtorehouſe of Heau'ns righteous wrath.
Rebellious *Adam* from his God reuolting,
Findes his yerſt-ſubiects 'gainſt himſelfe inſulting:
The tumbling Sea, the Ayre with tempeſts driuen,
Thorne-briſtled Earth, the ſad and lowring Heauen,
As from the oath of their allegeance free,
Reuenge on him th'Almighties iniurie.
The Stars coniur'd, through enuious influence,
By ſecret hangmen puniſh his offence:
The Sun with heate, the Moon with cold doth vex him,
Th'Ayre with vnlook't for ſuddain'chāges checks him
With fogs and froſts, hailes, ſnowes, & ſulphry thūders;
Blaſting, and ſtormes, and more prodigious wonders.
Fire, ſaln from heau'n, or els by arte incited,
Or by miſchance in ſome rich building lighted,

Or

Or from ſome mountaines burning bowels thrown,
Repleat with ſulphur, pitch, and pumie ſtone,
With ſparkling furie ſpreads, and in few howers
The labour of a thouſand yeares deuoures.
The greedie Occean, breaking wonted bounds,
Vſurpes his heards, his wealthy *Iles* and Towns.
The grieued Earth, to eaſe her (as it ſeemes)
Of ſuch prophane accurſed weight, ſometimes
Swallowes whole Countries, and the airie tops
Of Prince-proud towers in her black womb ſhe wraps.
And in deſpight of him, abhord and hateful,
She many waies proues barren and ingratefull:
Mocking our hopes, turning our ſeed-wheate-kernel
To burne-graine Thiſtle, and to vapourie Darnel,
Cockle, wild Oates, rough Burs, Corn-cũbring Tares,
Short recompence for al our coſtly cares.
Yet this were little, if ſhe more malicious,
Fel ſtepdame, brought vs not Plants more pernicious,
As ſable *Henbane*; *Morrell*, making mad:
Cold poyſoning *Poppie*, ytching, drowſie, ſad:
The ſtifning *Carpeſe*, th'eies-foe *Hemlocke* ſtincking,
Limbe-numming, belching: and the finewe ſhrincking
Dead-laughing *Apium*: weeping *Aconite*,
(Which in our vulgar deadlie *Wolfes-bane* hight)
The dropſie-breeding, ſorrow-bringing *Pſyllie*,
(Heere called *Flea-Wurt*) *Colchis* banefull Lillie,
(with vs *Wilde-ſaffran*) bliſtring, byting fell:
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to ſwell:

Blood-

Blood-boyling *Yew*, and coſtyue *Miſſeltoe*,
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a manie mo
Such fatall plants; whoſe fruite, ſeed, ſap, or root,
T'vntimelie graue do bring our heed-les foote.
Beſides ſhe knowes, wee brutiſh value more
Then Liues or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:
That *Auarice* our bound-les thought ſtill vexes,
Therefore among her wre ıkfull baites ſhe mixes
Quick-ſiluer, *Lithargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherewith our entrailes are oft gnawn and rent:
So that ſometimes; for bodie, and for mind,
Torture, and torment, in one mine wee find.
What reſteth more? the Maſters ſkilfull moſt,
With gentle gales driuen to their wiſhed Coaſte,
Not with leſſe labour guide their winged waynes
On th'azure fore-head of the licquid plaines:
Nor craftie Iugglers, can more eaſily make
Their ſelfe-liu'd Puppets (for their Lucres ſake)
To skip and skud and play, and prate, and praunce,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turne, and daunce:
Then happie we did rule the skalie Legions
That dumblie dwell in ſtormie water-Regions;
The fethered ſingers, and the ſtubborne droues
That haunt the deſarts and the ſhadie groues:
At euerie word they trembled then for awe,
And euerie winck then ſerud them as a lawe,
And alwaies bent all dutie to obſerue-vs,
Without commaund, ſtoode redie ſtill to ſerue vs.

But

But now(alas)through our fond Parents fall
They,of our ſlaues,are growne our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea;the dread *Leuiathan*
Turnes vpſide-downe the boyling Ocean.
And on the ſodaine ſadly doth intoombe
Our floating Caſtle in deepe T*heir* wombe;
Yerſt in the welkin like an Eagle towering,
And on the water like a Dolphin ſcowering.
Walke wee by Land: how many loathſome ſwarmes
Of ſpeckled poyſons,with peſtiferous armes,
In euerie corner in cloſe Ambuſh lurke
With ſecret bandes,our ſodaine banes to worke,
Beſides the Lion,and the Leopard,
Boare,Beare,and Wolfe to death purſue vs hard,
And ielous vengers of the wrongs deuine,
In peeces pull their Soueraignes ſinnefull line.
The huge thicke forreſts haue nor buſh nor brake
But hides ſome hangman our loath'd life to take;
In euerie hedge and ditch both day and night
We feare our death,of euerie leafe affright.
Reſt we at home: the Maſtie fierce in force,
Th'untamed Bull,the hot couragious Horſe;
With teeth,with hornes, and hooues beſiege vs round,
As grieu'd to ſee ſuch tyrants tread the ground:
And there's no Fly ſo ſmall but now dares bring
Her little wrath,againſt her quondam king.
What hideous ſights? what horror-boading ſhowes?
Alas,what yels?what howles? what thundering throes.

Oh

O am I not neere roaring *Phlegeton*?
Alecto, ſad *Megera* nd *Theſiphon*?
What ſpels haue charm'd ye from your dreadful den
Of darkeſt Hell? Monſters abhord of men,
O Nights blacke daughters, grim face't *Furies* ſad,
Sterne Pluto's Poſts, what make ye here ſo mad?
O feeles not man a world of woeful terrors,
Beſides your goaring wounds and ghaſtlie horrors?
So ſoone as God from *Eden Adam* draue,
To liue in this Earth (rather in this graue
Where raigne a thouſand deaths) he ſummond vp
Wit h thundering call the damned Crew, that ſup
Of ſulphurie *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloodie *Cocytus*, muddie *Acheron*.
Come ſnake-treſt Sitters, come ye diſmal Elues,
Ceaſe now to curſe and cruciate your ſelues,
Come leaue the horror of your houſes pale,
Come parbreake heer your foule, blacke, baneful gall:
Let lack of worke no more from henceforth feare you,
Man by his ſin a hundred hels doth reare you.
This eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,
The drowſie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And ſuddenlie *Auernus* Gulph did ſwim
With rozin, pitch, and brimſtone to the brim,
And th'ougly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fel,
Hydraes and *Harpies* gan to yawne and yel.
As the heate, hidden in a vapourie Cloud,
Striuing for iſſue with ſtrange murmurs loud,

Like

Like guns aſtuns, with round-round-rumbling thũder
Filling the aire with noyſe, the earth with wunder:
So the three Siſters, the three hideous *Rages*
Raiſe thouſand ſtormes, leauing th'infernal ſtages.
Al-readie all rowle-on their ſteelie Carres
On th'euer-ſhaking nine-fold ſteelie barres
Of *Stigian* Bridge, and in that fearefull Caue
They iumble, tumble, rumble, rage and raue.
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beareth (monſterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounce, Beare, and Bull,
Wolfe, Lyon, Horſe (of ſtrength and ſtomacke full)
Lifting his lungs, he hiſſes, barkes, and brayes,
He howles, he yels, he bellows, roars, and neighs,
Such a black ſante, ſuch a confuſed ſound
From manie-headed bodies doth rebound.
Hauing attain'd to our calme hauen of light,
With ſwifter courſe then *Boreas* nimble flight,
All flie at man, al at inteſtine ſtrife,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life:
Heer firſt comes DEARTH, the liuelie form of death,
Still yawning wide, with loathſome ſtinking breath,
With hollow eies, with meager cheeks and chin,
with ſharpe leane bones piercing her ſable skin,
Her emptie bowels may be plainly ſpide
Cleane through the wrinckles of her withered hide,
She hath no bellie but the bellies ſeate,
Her knees and knuckles ſwelling hugelie great,

In

Inſatiate Orque, that euen at one repaſt,
Almoſt all creatures in the world would waſte;
Whoſe greedie gorge diſh after diſh doth draw,
Seekes meate in meate, for ſtill her monſtrous maw
Voides in deuouring, and ſometimes ſhe eates
Her owne deere babes for lacke of other meates;
Nay more, ſometimes (ô ſtrangeſt gluttonie)
She eates her ſelfe, her ſelfe to ſatisfie;
Leſſ'ning her ſelfe, her ſelfe ſo to inlarge,
And cruel thus ſhe doth our Grand-ſire charge,
And bringes beſides from *Lymbo* to aſſiſt her,
Rage, *Feeblenes*, and *Thirſt* her ruth-les ſiſter.
Next marcheth *WARRE*, the miſtris of enormity,
Mother of miſchiefe, monſter of Deformity;
Lawes, Manners, Arts: ſhe breaks, ſhe mars, ſhee chaces;
Blood, teares, bowers, towers; ſhe ſpils, ſwils, burnes, and (razes:
Her brazen feet ſhake all the Earth a-ſunder
Her mouth's a fire-brand and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, euerie glaunce a flaſh;
Her fingers guns that all to powder paſh.
Feare and *Deſpaire*, *Flight* and *Diſorder*, coaſt
With haſtie march, before her murderous hoaſt:
As *Burning*, *Waſte*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impietie*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Diſcord*, *Horror*, *Crueltie*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunitie*, and *Pryde*,
Are ſtil ſtern conſorts by her barbarous ſide,
And *Powertie*, *Sorrow*, and *Deſolation*,
Follow her Armies bloodie tranſmigration,

Heer's

Heer's th'other *FVRIE* (or my iudgement failes)
Which furiouſly mans woefull life aſſailes,
With thouſand Cannons, ſooner felt then ſeen,
Where weakeſt ſtrongeſt, fraught with deadlie teen,
Blind, crooked, cripple, maymed, deafe and mad,
Cold-burning, bliſtered, melancholie, ſad,
Many-nam'd poyſon, miniſter of death,
Which from vs creepes, but to vs gallopeth:
Foule, trouble-reſt, fantaſtike, greedie-gut,
Blood-ſweating, harts-theefe, wretched, filthy. ſlut,
The Childe of ſurfaite, and Ayres-temper vicious,
Perillous known, but vnknowne moſt pernicious.
Th'inammeld meads, in Summer cannot ſhow
More graſhoppers aboue, nor frogs below,
Then helliſh murmurs here about do ring:
Nor neuer did the prettie little King
Of *Hummies People* in a Sun-ſhine day
Lead to the field in orderly aray
More buſie buzzers, when he caſteth (wittie,)
The firſt foundations of his waxen Cittie;
Then this fierce monſter muſters in her traine
Fel ſouldiers charging poore mankinde amaine.
Lo firſt a rough and furious Regiment
T'aſſault the ſorte of *Adams* head is ſent,
Reaſons beſt Bulwarke and the holy Cell
Wherein the Soules moſt ſacred powers do dwell.
A King that aymes his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the brute of open wars begin,

Corrupts

Corrupts his Counſaile with rich recompences,
"For in good *Counſaile* ſtands the ſtrength of Princes:
So this fell *Furie*, for fore-runners, ſends
Manie, *& Phrenzie*, to ſuborne her friends,
Whereof th'one drying, th'other ouer-warming
The feeble braine, (the edge of iudgement harming)
Within the Soule fantaſtikly they faine
A confuſ'd hoaſt of ſtrange *Chimeraes* vaine.
The *Karos*, th' *Apoplaxie*, *& Lethargie*,
As forlorne hope, aſſault the enemie
On the ſame ſide, but yet with weapons others,
For they freeze-vp the braine and all his brothers:
Making aliue man like a liue-les carkaſſe,
Saue that againe he skapeth from the *Parcas*.
And nowe the *Palſie*, and the *Cramp* diſpoſe
Their angrie darts, this bindes, and that doth loſe
Mans feeble ſinewes, ſhutting-vp the way
Whereby before the vitall ſpirits did play.
Then as a man that frunts in ſingle fight
His ſuddaine foe, his ground doth trauerſe light,
Thruſtes, wardes, auoids, and beſt aduantage ſpies,
At laſt to daze his Riuals ſparkling eies
He caſts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimſen ſtreames hee makes him ſtraine his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to ſubdue the better
(Whome thouſand giues al-readie faſtly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-les *Ophthalmie*
With ſcalding blood to blind her enemie,

Darting a thouſand thruſts; then ſhe is back't
By th' *Amaſroſe* and clowdie *Cataract*:
That, gathering-vp groſſe humours inwardly
In th' *Optike* ſinnew, cleane puts out the eie;
This other, caſeth in an enuious caule
The chriſtall humour ſhining in the ball.
This paſt: in ſteps that inſolent inſulter,
The cruel *Quincie*, leaping like a vulter
At *Adams* throate, his hollow weaſand ſwelling
Among the muſcles, through thick bloods cõgealing,
Leauing him onlie this Eſſaie, for ſigne
Of's might and malice to his future-line:
Like *Hercules* that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious markes of his vndaunted prowes,
When with his hands (like ſteelie tongs) he ſtrangled
His ſpightfull ſtepdams Dragons ſpotty-ſpangled.
A proofe preſaging the triumphant ſpoiles
That he atchiu'd by his *Twelue* famous *Toyles*.
The ſecond Regiment with deadly dartes
Aſſaulteth fiercely *Adams* vital partes:
Al-readie th' *Aſthma* panting, breathing tough,
With humours groſſe the lifting lungs doth ſtuffe:
The pining *Phthiſick* fils them al with puſhes
Whence a ſlow ſpowte of cor'ſiue matter guſhes:
A waſting flame the *Peripneumonie*
Within thoſe ſpunges kindles cruelly:
The ſpawling *Empiem*, ruth-les as the reſt,
With foule impoſtumes fils his hollow cheſt:

The

The *Pleurisie* ſtabs him with deſprate foyle
Beneath the ribs, where ſcalding blood doth boile:
Then th'*Incubus* (by ſome ſuppoſd a ſpright)
With a thicke phlegme doth ſtop his breath by night.
Deer *Muſe*, my guide; cleer Truth, ỹ nought diſſẽbles,
Name me that Champion that with furie trembles,
Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th'Armies hart, not at our feeble wings:
Hauing for Aides, *Cough*, *Headeache*, *Horror*, *Heate*,
Pulſe-beating, *Burning*, *Cold-diſtilling-ſweat*,
Thirſt, *Yawning*, *Yolking*, *Caſting*, *Shiuering*, *Shaking*,
Fantaſtike *Raueing*, and continuall *Aking*,
With manie more: ô is not this the *Furie*
We call the *Feuer*, whoſe inconſtant furie
Transformes her ofter then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, & *Cotidian*,
And *Second* too; now poaſting, ſometimes pawſing,
Euen as the matter al theſe changes cauſing,
Is rommidged with motions ſlow or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-ſick*?
Ah treacherous beaſt, needs muſt I know thee beſt,
For foure whole yeares thou wert my poor harts gueſt:
And to this day, in bodie and in mind
I beare the markes of thy deſpight vnkind:
For yet (beſides my vaines and bones bereft
Of blood and marrow, through thy ſecret theft)
I feele the vertue of my ſpirit decayd,
Th'*Enthouſiaſmes* of my *Muſe* allaid;

My memorie(which hath beene meetly good)
Is now (alas)much like the flitting flood
Whereon no ſooner haue we drawn a line
But it is canceld,leauing there no ſigne:
For,the deere fruite of all my care and coſt,
My former ſtudie(almoſt al)is loſt,
And oft in ſecret haue I bluſhed at
Mine ignorance: like *Corvine*,who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*,
Learned in Youth,and in his age a dunce:
And thence it growes,that maugre my endeuour
My numbers ſtill by habite haue the feuer,
One-while with heate of heau'nly fire en-ſoul'd,
Shinering anon through faint vn-learned cold.
Now the third Regiment with ſtormie ſtoures
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Naturall Powers*,
Which happily maintaine vs duely,both
With needfull food and with ſufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*,then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*,or the *Bradypepſie*,
And child-great *Pica*,(of prodigious diet)
In ſtraighteſt ſtomacks rage with monſtrous ryot;
Then on the Lyuer doth the *Iaundize* fal,
Stopping the paſſage of the cholerik Gall;
Which then,for good blood,ſcatters all about
Her fiery poyſon yellowing all without:
But the ſad *Dropſie* freezeth it extreame,
Till all the blood be turned into fleame.

But

But ſee alas, by far more cruell foes
The ſlipperie bowels thrild with thouſand throes:
With priſoned winds the wringing *Collicke* paines them,
The *Iliak* paſſion with more rigour ſtraines them,
Streightens their conduits, and deteſted, makes
Mans mouth (alas) euen like a loathſome Iakes.
Then the *Dyſenterie* with fretting paines
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed vaines.
On th'other ſide, the *Stone* and *Strangurie*,
Torturing the Reines with deadlie tyranny,
With heate-concreted ſand-heaps ſtrangely ſtop
The burning vrine, ſtrained drop by drop.
As oppoſite, the *Diabete*, by melting
Our bodies ſubſtance in our Vrine ſwelting,
Diſtils vs ſtill, as long as any matter
Vnto the ſpout can ſend ſupply of water.
Vnto thoſe parts whereby we leaue behind-vs
Types of our ſelues in after-Times to mind-vs,
There fiercely flies defectiue *Venerie*,
And the foule, feeble, fruit-les *Gonorrhee*,
An impotence for Generations-deed,
And ceaſe-les iſſue of th'vncocted ſeede:
Remorce-les tyrants, that to ſpoile aſpire
Babes vnconceau'd, in hatred of their Sire.
The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours
Begot of vicious indigeſted humours:
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedemes*, *Scyrrhus*, *Eryſipilas*,
Kings-euils, *Cankers*, cruell *Gouts*, and *Bylas*,

Wens, Ring-wormes, Tetters, theſe from euerie parte
With thouſand pangs braue the beſieged hart:
And their blind furie wanting force and courage
To hurt the *Forte*, the champion Cuntrie forrage.
O tyrants, ſheath your feeble ſwords againe,
For death al-ready thouſand-times hath ſlaine
Your Enemy, and yet your enuious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs diſfigure,
And with a dull and ragged inſtrument
His ioints and skin are ſaw'd and torne and rent.
Me thinks moſt rightlie to a coward Crew
Of *Woolues and Foxes* I reſemble you,
Who in a forreſt (finding on the ſand
The Lyon dead, that did aliue commaund
The Land about, whoſe awfull Countenance
Melted far-off their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their liue-les Prince,
With feeble ſignes of daſtard inſolence.
But with the Griefes that charge our outward places,
Shall I account the loathſome *Phtiriaſis*?
O ſhamefull Plague! ô foule infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kinges, fouler then Beggars be
(who wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermine ſore,
Their itching backs ſit ſhrugging euermore)
To ſwarm with Lice that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often ſhift of ſhirts and ſheets and bed:
For as in ſprings, ſtreame ſtreame purſueth freſh,
Swarme followes ſwarme, and their too-fruitfull fleſh

Breeds

Breeds her owne eaters, and till deaths arreſt,
Makes of it ſelfe an execrable feaſt.
Nor may we thinke that *Chance*, confuſedlie
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemie*:
For of her ſoldiers, ſome as lead by reaſon,
Can make their choice of *Cuntrie, Age, and Seaſon.*
So *Portugall* hath *Phtiſſies* moſt of al,
Eber Kings-euils; *Arne* the *Suddain-fall*;
Saxy the *Mumpes*; *Weſt-India, Pox*; *& Nyle*
The *Leproſie*; *Plague, the Sardinian-Ile*:
After the influence of the Heau'ns al-ruling,
Or *Cuntries* maners. So ſoft *Childhood* puling
Is wrung with wormes, begot of cruditie,
Are apt to laskes through much humiditie,
Through their ſalt phlegmes, their heads are hid with (*ſkals*
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* & with bloody bals
Of *menſtruall* humour, which like muſte, within
Their bodies boyling, buttoneth all their skin.
To *bloody flixes, Youth* is apt inclining,
Continual-feuers, Phrenzies Phtiſſike-pyning.
And feeble *Age* is ſeldome times without
Her tedious gueſts, the *Paſſie*, and the *Goute*,
Coughes, and Catarrhes. And ſo the *Peſtilence*,
The *quartaine-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-goute*, and the *Watrie-Tumour*,
Are bred with vs of an *Autumnal* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrain*, and *Alcides-griefe*,
In *Vers* hot-moyſture do moleſt vs chiefe:

The *Diarrhea* and the *Burning-feuer*,
In *Summer-ſeaſon* do their feli endeuour:
And *Pleuriſies*, the *Rotten-Coughes*, and *Rheumes*,
Weare curled flakes of white cæleſtial plumes,
Like ſluggiſh ſoldiers, keeping Garriſon
In th'ycie Bulwarks of the Yeares guelt ſon.
Some, ſeeming moſt in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the firſt acquighting:
As *Meaſels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leproſie*
The *Plague*, the *Poxe*, and *Phthiſik-maladie*.
And ſome (alas) we leaue as in ſucceſſion
Vnto our Children for a ſad poſſeſſion.
Such are *Kings-euils*, *Dropſie*, *Goute*, and *Stone*,
Blood-boyling *Lepria*, and *Conſumpsion*,
The ſwelling *Throat-ache*, th'*Epilepſie* ſad,
And cruell *Rupture*, payning too-too-bad:
For, their hid poyſons after-comming harme
Is faſt combind vnto the Parents ſparme.
But ô what armes, what ſhield ſhall we oppoſe,
What ſtratagem againſt thoſe trecherous foes,
Thoſe treacherous griefes, that our fraile Arte detects
Not by their cauſe, but by their ſole effects?
Such are the fruitefull *Matrix-ſuffocation*,
The *Falling-ſickneſs*, and pale *Swouning-paſſion*,
The which, I wotte not what ſtrange winds long pauſe
I wote not where, I wot not how doth cauſe.
Or who (alas) can ſcape the cruel wyle
Of thoſe fel Pangs that *Phyſikes* paynes beguile,

Which

Which being baniſht from a bodie, yet
Vnder new names returne again to it:
Or rather, taught the ſtrange *Metempſychoſis*
Of the wiſe *Samian*, one it ſelfe tranſpoſes
Into ſome worſe *Griefe*: either through the kindred
Of th'humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or auarice
That do profeſſe *Apollos* exerciſe.
So *Melancholie* turneth into *Madnes*;
Into the *Palſie*, deep-affrighted *Sadnes*;
Th'*il-habitude* into the *Dropſie* chill:
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.
In briefe, poore *Adam* in this piteous caſe,
Is like a Stag that long purſude in chace;
Flying for ſuccour to ſome neighbour wood,
Sinkes on the ſodaine in the yeelding mud,
And ſticking faſt amid the rotten grounds,
Is ouer-taken by the eger hounds:
One bytes his backe, his necke another nips,
One puls his breſt, at's throat another skips,
One tugs his flanck, his haunch another teares,
Another lugs him by the bleeding eares,
And laſt of al, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head and ſo concludes his life.
Or like a luſtie Bull whoſe horned Creſt
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowſie neſt,
Who buzzing forth, aſſaile him on each ſide,
And pitch their valiant bandes about his hide,

With

With fisking traine, with forked head, and foot,
Him-selfe, th'ayre, th'earth, he beateth to no boot,
Flying through woods, hils, dales, and roaring riuers,
His place of griefe, but not his painfull grieuers,
And in the end, stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.
For man is loaden, with ten-thousand languors,
All other Creatures, only feele the angors
Of few *Diseases*: as the gleaning Quaile
Only the *Falling-sickues* doth assaile:
The *Turneabout & Murraine* trouble Cattell,
Madnes and *Quincie* bid the Mastie battell.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the sicknesse of their kind,
Feeling no sooner their disease begin
But they as soone haue readie medicine.
The Ram for phisike takes strong-senting Rue,
The *Tortoise* slow, cold *Hemloke* doth renew.
The Partridge, black-bird, and rich-painted *Iay*
Haue th'oylie liquor of the sacred Bay.
The sickly Beare the *Mandrake* cures agen,
And *Mountaine-Siler* helpeth Goates to yean.
But we know nothing, till by poaring still
On bookes, we get vs a sophistike skill;
A doubtfull Arte, a knowledge still vnknowne,
Which enters but the hoarie heads alone
Of those that broken with vnthankfull toyle,
Seeke others health and loose their owne the while:

Or

Or rather thoſe (ſuch are the greateſt parte)
That waxing rich at others Coſt and ſmart,
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchaſing promotions,
While ỹ Church-yards ſwel with their hurtful potions,
Who hang-man-like, feare-les, and ſhame-les too,
Are praid and paid for murders that they doo.
I ſpeake not of the good, the wiſe and learned
Within whoſe hearts Gods feare is well deſcerned:
Who to our bodies can againe vnite
Our parting ſoules, ready to take their flight.
For theſe I honour as Heau'ns guifts, excelling;
Pillars of Health, death and diſeaſe repelling:
Th'Almighties Agents, Natures Counſellers,
And flowring Youths wiſe, faithful Gouernours.
Yet if their Arte can eaſe ſome kind of dolors,
They learn'd it firſt of Natures ſilent ſchollers:
For from the *Sea-Horſe* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goate* the healing of the eies,
From *Storke, & Hearn*, our *Glyſters* laxatiue,
From *Beares and Lions*, *Diets* we deriue.
'Gainſt th'onlie Body all theſe Champions ſtoute
Striue; ſome, within: and otherſome without.
Or if that any th'al-faire Soule haue ſtriken,
'Tis not directly, but in that they weaken
Her officers, and ſpoile the Inſtruments
Wherewith ſhe works ſuch wonderous preſidents.
But, lo foure *Captaines*, far more fierce and eger
That on all ſides the ſpirit it ſelfe beleaguer,

Whoſe

Whoſe Conſtancie they ſhake, and ſoon by treaſon
Draw the blind Iudgement from the rule of Reaſon:
Opinions iſſue; which, though ſelfe vnſeene,
Make through the Bodie their ſel motions ſeen.
Sorrow's firſt Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled al-ouer in a ſable clowd,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinckles warped euerie-way,
Creeping in corners, where ſhe ſits and vies
Sighes from her hart, teares from her blubbere dies,
Accompani'd with ſelfe-conſuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pittie*, *Thought*, and mad *Diſpaire*,
That beares about her, burning Coales and Cordes,
Aſpes, Poyſons, Piſtols, Haltars, Kniues, and ſwords:
Foule ſquinting *Enuie*, that ſelfe-eating Elfe,
Through others leanneſſe fatning vp her ſelfe,
Ioying in miſchiefe, feeding but with languor
And bitter teares, her Toad-like-ſwelling anger:
And *Ielouſie* that neuer ſleepes, for feare;
(Suſpicions flea ſtill nibling in her eare)
That leaues repaſt and reſt, neere pinde and blind
With ſeeking what ſhe would be loath to find.
The ſecond Captaine is exceſſiue Ioy,
Who leapes and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-ſtreight for her: whoſe ſences all poſſeſſe
All wiſhed pleaſures in all plenteouſnes.
She hath in conduct falſe vain-glorious *Vaunting*
Bold, ſoothing, ſhame-les, lowd, iniurious, taunting:

The

The winged Giant loftie-ſtaring *Pride*,
That in the clowdes her brauing Creſt doth hide:
And manie other, like the empty bubbles
That riſe when raine the liquid Chriſtal troubles.
The Third is blood-les, hart-les, wit-les *Feare*,
That like an Aſpe-tree trembles euery-where,
She leads bleak *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With ſnaile-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Hauing her armes in willing fetters bound;
Foule, ſluggiſh, drone, barren (but ſinne to breed)
Diſeaſed, begger, ſtaru'd with wilfull need.
And thou *Deſire*, whom nor the firmament,
Nor ayre, nor earth, nor Ocean can content:
Whoſe lookes are hookes, whoſe bellie's bottomles.
Whoſe hands are gripes to ſcrape with greedines,
Thou art the Fourth, and vnder thy Commaund,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough vnruly Band:
Firſt, ſecret-burning mighty ſwolne Ambition,
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition,
Whome *Epicurus* manie worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands tranſported with fantaſtike paſſion,
Beare painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Anarice* al-arm'd in hooking tenters,
Al-clad in bird-lime; without bridge ſhe venters
Through fell *Charibdis*, and falſe *Syrtes* Neſſe;
The more her wealth the more her wretchedneſſe,
Cruel,

Cruel, reſpect-les, frend-les, faith-les Elfe,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her ſelfe,
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poare,
Like *Tantalus* ſtaru'd in the midſt of ſtoare,
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts,
A wel-wing'd Bird that neuer lofty mounts:
Then boyling *Wrath*, ſterne, cruel, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a Boare, her teeth doth grind and gnaſh,
Whoſe haire doth ſtare like briskled Porcupine;
Who ſometimes rowles her ghaſtly-glowing eyne,
And ſometimes fixly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloody in her Countenance;
Rauing, and railing with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground:
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire and ſword, to ſlay
And murder all that her for pitty pray;
Baning her ſelfe to bane her Enemie,
Diſdaining death, prouided others die;
Like falling Towers o're-turned by the wind,
That break them-ſelues on that they vnder-grind.
And then that tirant, all-controuling *Loue*,
(*Whome here to paint doth little me behooue,*
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to Battaile bring
As many ſoldiars 'gainſt the Creatures King
(Yet not his owne) as in this life man-kind
True verie *Goodes* or ſeeming-*Goodes* doth find.

Now

Now, if but like the Lightning in the skie,
These ſudden *Paſſions* paſt but ſwiftly by,
The feare were leſſe; but ô too-oft they leaue
Keen ſtings behind in Soules that they deceiue.
From this foule fountaine, all theſe poyſons riſe,
Rapes, Treaſons, Murders, Inceſts, Sodomies,
Blaſpheming, Bibbing, Theeuing, Falſe-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.
Alas, how theſe far-worſe-then-death, diſeaſes,
Exceed each *Sickneſs* that our bodie ſeaſes,
Which makes vs open-war, and by his ſpight
Giues to the Patient many a holſome light,
Now by the colour, or the Paulſes beating,
Or by ſome fit ſome ſharper dolor threating,
Whereby the Leach neere-gueſſing at our griefe,
Not ſeldome finds ſure meanes for our reliefe.
But, for theſe *Ills* raigne in our intellect
(Which onlie, them both can and ought detect)
They reſt vnknown; or rather ſelfe-concealed;
And ſoule-ſicke *Patients* care not to be healed.
Beſides, we plainlie call the *Feuer, Feuer*:
The *Dropſie, Dropſie*: ouer-gilding neuer
With guile-full flouriſh of a fained phraze
The cruell languors that our bodies craze:
Whereas our fond ſelf-ſoothing Soule, thus ſick,
Rubs her owne ſoare; with glozing Rhetorike
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded blaine
Not feare the touch of *Reaſons* Cautere vaine.

And

And ſure, if euer filthy Vice did iet
In ſacred *Vertues* ſpot-les mantle neate,
'Tis in our daies, more hatefull and vn-hallowed,
Then, when the World the Waters wholy ſwallowed.
I'le ſpare to ſpeake of fouleſt ſinnes, that ſpot
Th'infamous beds of men of mightie lot,
Leaſt I the Saints chaſte tender eares offend,
And ſeeme them more to teach, then reprehend.
Who beare vpon their *French-ſicke* backs about,
Farmes, Caſtles, Fees, in golden ſhreads cut-out;
Whoſe lauiſh hand, at one *Primero-reſt*,
One pompous Turney, or one pampering *Feaſt*,
Spends treaſures, ſcrapte by th'*Vſurie & Care*
Of miſer-Parents; *Liberall* coumpted are.
Who with a maiden voice, and mincing pace,
Quaint lookes, curld locks, perfumes, & painted face,
Baſe coward-hart; and wa ntonſoft array,
Their man-hood onely by their beard bewray,
Are *Cleanly* cald. Who like luſt-greedy Goats,
Brothel from bed to bed; whoſe *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and like hungry Kite
Fly at all game, they *Louers* are behight.
Who by falſe bargaines, and vnlawful meaſures
Robbing the world, haue heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are eſteemed *Thrifty*.
Who alwaies murder and reuenge affect,
Who feed on blood, who neuer do reſpect

State, *Sexe*, or *Age*: but in all humaine liues,
In cold blood, bathe their parricidial kniues;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Graunt good Lord our Land
May want ſuch, valour whoſe ſelf-cruel hand
Fightes for our foes, our proper life-blood ſpils,
Our Cities ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
Lord, let the *Launce*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tooles to furrow-vp the field,
And let vs ſee the Spyders buſie taske
Wouen in the bellie of the plumed Caske.
But if braue *Lands-men* your war-thirſt bee ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyle ſo much,
What holds you heere? alas, what hope of Crownes?
Our fields are flock-les, treaſure-les our Townes.
Go then, nay run, renowned *Martialiſtes*,
Refounde *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hie, hie to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroake
Your *Belgian* brethren from th'*Iberians* yoake:
To *Portingal*; people *Galizian-Spaine*,
And graue your names on *Lyſbones* gates again.

FINIS.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THE FOVRTH booke of the firſt day, of the ſecond vveeke.

Of the *Diuine Saluſtius Du BARTAS.*

Tranſlated by *Ioſuah Syluеſter.*

Printed by P. Short, for William Wood, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Weſt ende of Paules.

1598.

HONI: SOIT: QVI: MAL: Y: PENSE

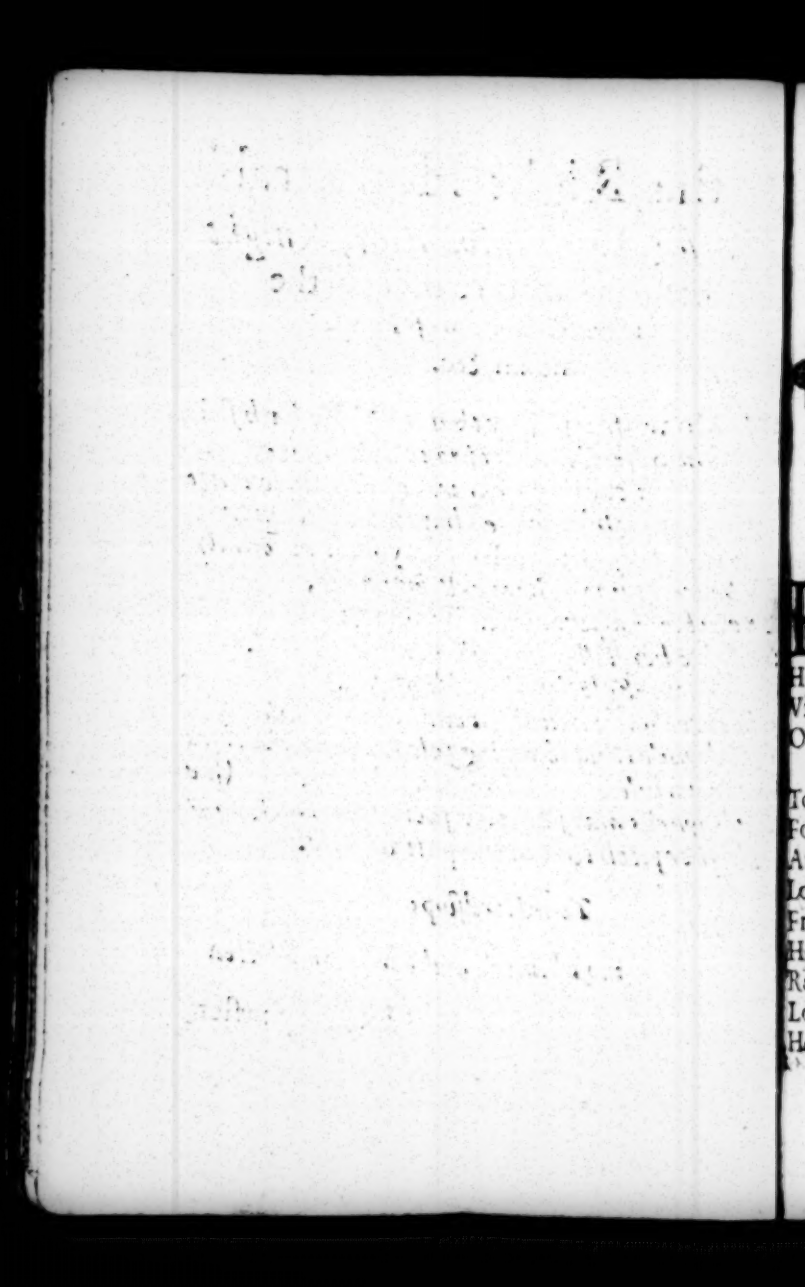
To the Right Honourable *Charles*, Lord *Mountioy*, *Knight* of the moſt noble order of the *Garter*, *Captain of Portſ-* mouth, &c.

THe Mome-*free paſſage that my* Muſe *hath foũd*
By the Safe-Conduct of your Patronage,
Through carping Cenſures of this curious age
Wheare high conceited happie wits abound:
Makes her preſume (ô Mountioy *moſt renownd)*
To beare againe in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Paſport of your Tutelage
To ſalue her ſtill from ſullen Enuies wound.
Yet your true-Egle Sun-beholding Eyes
Glaunce downe a little on our little ſparks:
And while Wits towering falcons touch the skies
Obſerue a while our tender-ymped Larks, (*flie*
Such ſparks may flame, & ſuch light Larks may
A higher pitch then droſſe-puft vanitie.

Your Lordſhips

moſt humble and earneſtly-affected

Ioſuah Syluester.



The fourth and last Booke of the first Day of the Second weeke, of *Saluſtius* du *BARTAS*.

HEau'n ſacred Impe, fair Goddeſſe that reſtleſt
Th'old golden Age, and brightly now reſplendeſt
Our cloudie skie, making our fields to ſmile:
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:
Virgin vnſeen in *France* this many a yeare,
O bleſſed *Peace*, we bid the welcome heer.
Lo, at thy preſence, how who late were preſt
To ſpur their ſteeds, and couch their ſtaues in reſt
For fierce incounter; caſt away their ſpeares,
And rapt with ioy them enter-barbe with teares.
Lo how our marchant-veſſels to and fro
Freelie about our trade-full waters gro:
How the graue *Senate* with iuſt-gentle rigour,
Reſume their Robe; the Lawes their ancient vigour:
Lo how *Obliuion* ſeas our ſtrifes do drowne:
How wals are builſt that war had thundred down:

Lo how the ſhops with buſie Craftſ-men ſwarme;
How ſheepe and Cattle couer euerie farme:
Beholde the bon-fires waiting to the skies;
Harke, harke the cherefull and re-chaunting cries
Of olde and young ſinging this ioyfull Ditties
Io reioyce, reioyce through Towne and Cittie,
Let all our ayre reſecho with the praiſes
Of th'euer-laſting glorious God, that raiſes
Our ruin'd State, that giueth vs ſuch peace,
We ſought not for, or rather we withſtood,
So that to heare and ſee theſe conſequences
Of wonders ſtrange, we ſcarce beleeue our ſences.
O let the *King*, let *Mounſier* and the *Prince*
That doth *Nauarre* Spayn-wrong'd ſceptre gouerne,
Be all by all their Countries Fathers cleapt,
O let the honour of their Names be kept
And on braſſe leaues ingrau'n eternally
In the bright Temple of faire *Memorie*.
For hauing quench't ſo ſoon ſo manie fires,
Diſarm'd our armes, appeas'd the heauenly ires,
Calm'd the pale horror of inteſtine hates,
And dim'med vp the bi-ifront Fathers gates.
(*Much more let vs (deere World-deuided Land)*
Extoll the mercies of Heauns mightie hand,
That (while the worlde, warres bloody rage hath ri
To *vs* ſo long ſo happy Peace *hath* ſent:
(*Maugre the malice of th'Italian Priеſt*,

Aut

And Indian Pluto (prop of Anti-christ)
Whose Hoast, like Pharaos threatning Israel,
Our gaping seas haue swallow'd quick to hell:
(Making our Ile a holy Safe-Retreat
For Saints exilde in Persecutions heat.
Much more let vs with true-hart-tuned breath,
Recorde the Praises of ELIZABETH
(Our martial Pallas, and our milde Astrèa,
Of grace and wisdome the diuine Idea)
Whose prudent rule, with rich religious Rest,
Eight complete Lusters hath this kingdome blest:
O pray we him, that from home-plotted dangers
And bloody threats of proud ambitious strangers:
So many yeares hath so securely kept her
In iust possession of this flow'ring Scepter;
That to his glorie and his deere Sonnes honour,
All happie length of life may waite vpon her:
That to the ioy of all true-Christendome,
Her dayes may reach vnto the Day of Doombe:
That we her subiects, whome he blesseth by-her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.
But waiting (Lord) in some more learned layes,
To sing thy glorie, and my Soueraignes praise:
I sing the young Worldes Cradle, as a Prôem
Vnto so rare and so Diuine a Pôem.

Who

WHO FVL OF wealth and Honours blandiſhment,
Among great Lords his younger yeeres hath ſpent;
And quaffing deeply of the *Courte*-delights,
Vs'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, & Sights:
If in his age, his Princes angrie doombe
With deepe diſgrace driue him to liue at home
In homely Cottage, where continually
The bitter ſmoake exhales aboundantlie
From his before-vn-ſorrow-drained braine
The brackiſh vapours of a ſiluer rayne:
Where vther-les, both day and night the *North*,
South, *Eaſt*, *and Weſt* windes, enter and go forth:
Where round-about the low-rooft broken wals
In ſteed of Arras hang with Spiders caules:
Where all at once he reacheth as he ſtands,
with browes the Roofe, both wals with both his hands:
He weeps, and ſighes, and ſhunning Comforts aye,
Wiſheth pale death a thouſand times aday:
And yet at length falling to worke is glad
To bite a browne cruſt that the mouſe hath had,
And in a diſh, in ſteed of plate or glaſſe
Sups oaten drinke in ſteed of *Hypocras*,
So, or much like, our rebell Elders driuen
For aye from *Eden* (Earthly type of heauen)
Lie languiſhing neere *Tigris* graſſie ſide,
With nummed limbs, and ſpirits ſtupified.

But powerfull NEEDE (Arts ancient dam & keeper,
The early watch-clock of the ſloathful ſleeper,

Among

Among the monntaines makes them ſeek their liuing,
And foaming Riuers, through the champian driuing:
For yet the Trees with thouſand fruites y-fraught
In formal Checkers were not faierly brought:
The Peare and Apple liued dwarflike there,
With Oakes and Aſhes ſhadowed euerie-where:
And yet, alas, their meaneſt ſimple cheere
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deere.
To get a plumbe, ſometimes poore *Adam* ruſhes
With thouſand wounds among a thouſand buſhes
If they deſire a medlar for their food,
They muſt go ſeek it through a feareſull wood;
Or a browne Mulberie, then the ragged Bramble
With thouſand ſcratches doth their skin be-ſcramble.
Wherefore as yet, more led by th'appetite
Of th'hungrie belly then the taſts delight,
Liuing from hand to mouth, ſoon ſatiſfi'de,
To earne their ſupper th'after-noone they pli'de,
Vn-ſtoar'd of dinner, till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an apple, or ſome leſſer pray.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowers then fruite)
And hoarie winter, of both deſtitute,
Nuts, filberds, almonds, wiſely vp they hoord,
The beſt prouiſions that the woods affoord.
Touching their garments: for the ſhining wooll
Whence the roab-ſpinning precious Wormes are ſul,
For gold and ſiluer wouen in draperie,
For Cloth dipt dubble in the ſcarlet die.

For Gems bright luſter, with exceſſiue coſt
On rich imbroideries by rare arte emboſt:
Sometimes they do the far-ſpread Gourd vnleaue,
Some-times the fig-tree of his branch bereaue;
Som-times the Plane, ſometimes the Vine they ſheare,
Chooſing their faireſt treſſes heere and there:
And with their ſundrie locks thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbes they hide from *Cynthias* Brother.
Sometimes the *Iuies* climing ſtems they ſtrip,
That louingly his liuely prop do clip:
And with green lace, in artificiall order
The wrinckled barke of th'Akorne-Tree doth border,
And with his armes th'Oakes ſlender twigs entwining
A many braunches in one tiſſue ioyning,
Frames a looſe Caſſake, whoſe light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton ſhaking
Of golden ſpangles that in ſtatelie pride
Daunce on the treſſes of a noble Bride.
But while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourihment,
While craggy mountaines, Rocks, and thorny plaines,
And briſtlie Woods be witneſſe of his paines:
Eue, walking forth about the forreſts, gathers
Speighes, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Eſtrich* ſcattred feathers,
And then with waxe the ſmaller plumes ſhe ſeares,
And ſowes the greater with a white horſe haires,
(For they as yet did ſerue her in the ſtead
Of hemp, and tow, and flaxe, and ſilke, and thred)

And

And thereof makes a medlie Coate ſo rare
That it reſembles *Natures* mantle faire,
When in the ſun, in pompe all gliſtering,
She ſeemes with ſmiles to wooe the gawdie Spring.
When by ſtolne moments this ſhe had contriued,
Leaping for ioy, her cheerefull looks reuiued,
Sh'admires her cunning; and incontinent
'Sayes on her ſelfe her manlie ornament,
And then through path-les pathes ſhe runs a-pace,
To meete her hvſband comming from the Chace.
Sweet-hart (quoth ſhe, and then ſhe kiſſeth him)
My loue, my life, my bliſſe, my ioy, my gem,
My ſoules deare ſoule, take in good part (I pree-thee)
This prettie preſent that I gladly giu'-thee.
Thanks my deere All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kiſſes hee requites her kiſſe.
Then on hee puts his painted garment new,
And Peacocke-like himſelfe doth often view,
Lookes on his ſhadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the art to cauſe
So many ſeuerall partes to meet in one,
To faſhion thus this quaint Mandilion.
But when the Winters keener breath began
To chriſtallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the lakes and bridle-vp the floods,
And perriwig with wool the bald-pate Woods:
Our Graund-ſire ſhrinking, 'gan to ſhake and ſhiuer,
His teeth to Chatter, and his beard to quiuer;

Spying

Spying therefore a flock of muttons comming
(Whoſe freeze-clad bodies feele not Winters nûming)
He takes the faireſt and hee knocks it downe,
Then by good hap, finding vpon the Downe
A ſharp great fiſh-bone (which long time before
The roaring flood had caſt vpon the ſhore:);
He cuts the throate, flayes it, and ſpreads the fel,
Then dries it, pares it, and he ſcrapes it wel,
Then cloathes his wife therewith, and of ſuch hides
Slops, hats, and dublets for himſelfe prouides.

A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Caue,
Were the firſt buildings that them ſhelter gaue,
But finding th'one to be too-moiſt a hold,
Th'other too-narrow, th'other ouer-cold,
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they chooſe
Sixteene faire Trees that neuer leaues do looſe,
Whoſe equal frunt in quadran forme proſpected,
As it of purpoſe Nature them erected:
Their ſhadie boughes firſt bow they tenderly,
Then enter-braid, and bind them curiouſly,
That one would think that had this arbor ſeene,
'T had bin true ſeeling painted ouer greene.

After this triall; better yet to fence
Their tender fleſh from th'Ayrie violence,
Vpon the top of their fit-forked ſtems,
They lay a-croſſe bare Oken boughes for beames,
(Such as diſperſed in the Woods they find,
Torne-off in tempeſt by the ſtormie wind)

Then

Then theſe againe with leauie boughes they loade,
So couering cloſe their ſorrie cold abode,
And then they plie from th'eaues vnto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their manſion round,
All ſaue a hole to th'Eaſt ward ſituate,
where ſtraight they clap a hurdle for a gate,
(In ſtead of hinges hanged on a Withe)
Which with a ſleight both ſhuts and openeth.
Yet fire they lack't: but Lo the winds that whiſtle
Amid the groues, ſo oft the *Laurel* iuſtle
Againſt the *Mulberie*, that their angrie claps
Do kindle fire, that burns the neighbour Cops
When *Adam* ſaw a ruddy vapour riſe
In glowing ſtreames; aſtund with feare he flies,
It followes him, vntil a naked plaine
The greedie furie of the flame reſtraine;
Then backe he turnes, and comming ſomewhat nigher
The kindled ſhrubs, perceiuing that the fire
Dries his dancke Clothes, his Colour doth refreſh,
And vn-benummes his ſinewes and his fleſh:
By th'vn-burnt end a good big brand he takes,
And hying home a fire he quicklie makes,
And ſtill maintaines it, till the ſtarrie *Twinnes*
Cæleſtial breath another fire begins.
But winter beeing com'n againe, it grieu'd him,
T'haue loſt ſo fondlie what ſo much relieu'd him,
Trying a thouſand waies, ſith now no more
The iuſtling Trees his dommage would reſtore.

While

While els-where muſing, one day he ſat downe
Vpon a ſteepe Rocks craggy-forked crowne,
A foaming beaſt come toward him he ſpies,
Within whoſe head ſtood burning coales for eies:
Then ſodainly with boiſterous arme he throwes
A knobbie flint that hummeth as it goes,
Hence flies the beaſt, th'il-aimed flint-ſhaft grounding
Againſt the Rocke, and on it oft rebounding,
Shiuers to cinders, whence their iſſued
Small ſparkes of fire no ſooner borne then dead,
This happie chance made *Adam* leap for glee
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a ſhining flint he locks
Which with another in his right he knocks
So vp and downe, that from the coldeſt ſtone
At euery ſtroake ſmall fiery ſparckles ſhone,
Then with the drie leaues of a withered Bay
The which together handſomly they lay,
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines cleere and ſmoak-les in the leafe begun.
Eue kneeling downe, with hand her head ſuſtaining,
And on the low ground with her elbow leaning,
Blowes with her mouth: and with her gentle blowing
Stirs-vp the heate, that from the dry leaues glowing,
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kixe
Firſt fires the ſmall, and they the greater ſticks.
And now man-kind with frutefull Race began
A little Corner of the World to man:

Firſt

Firſt *Cain* is borne, to tillage all addicted;
Then *Abel*, moſt to keeping flocks affected.
Abel, deſirous ſtill at hand to keep
His milke and Cheeſe, vn-wildes the gentle Sheep,
To make a flocke, that when it tame becam
For guard and guide ſhould haue a Dog and Ram.
Cain more ambicious, giues but little eaſe
To's boyſterous limbes, and ſeeing that the Peaſe,
And other Pulſe, Beanes, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copſes, as not held in price,
Some graines he gathers: and with buſie toyle,
A-part he ſowes them in a better ſoyle,
Which firſt he rids of ſtones and thornes, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-liuing ſeeds.
By the next Harueſt, finding that his paine
On this ſmall plot was not ingrately-vaine;
To breake more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without ſo often wearie labouring,
He tames a heifer, and on either ſide
On either horne a threefold twiſt he tide
Of Oſiar twigs, and for a plough he got
The horne or tooth of ſome Rhinocerot.
Now th'one in Cattle, th'other rich in graine,
On two ſteep mountaines build they Altars twaine:
Wheare humbly-ſacred th'one with zealous cry
Cleaues bright Olympus ſtarrie Canopie:
With fained lips, the other lowd-reſounded
Hart-wanting hymnes, on ſelfe-deſeruing founded:

Each on his Altar offreth to the Lord
The best that either's flocks or fields affoord.
Reine-searching God, thought-soûding Iudge, ỹ tries
The will and hart more then the worke and guise,
Accepts good *Abels* guift but hates the other
Prophane oblation of his furious Brother.
Who feeling deep th'effects of Gods displeasure
Raues, frets, and fumes, and murmurs out of measure.
What bootes it (*Cain*) O wretch, what boots it thee
T'haue opened first the fruitefull woombe (quoth hee)
Of the first mother; and first-borne the rather
T'haue honour'd *Adam* first, with name of father?
Vnfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wise, actiue, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weake guirle-boy, in mans shape disguis'd,
To heau'n and earth be deare, and thou despis'd?
What boots it thee, for others, night and day
In painfull toyle to weare thy selfe away:
And more for others, then thine owne reliefe,
To haue deuised of all Artes the chiefe:
If this dul infant, of thy labour nurst,
Shall reape the glory of thy deeds (accurst)?
Nay rather quickly rid thee of the foole,
Downe with this climbing hill, and timely coole
This kindling flame: and that none ouer-crow thee,
Re-sease the right that Birth and vertue owe-thee.
Ay in his mind this counsaile he reuolues,
And hundred times to act it he resolues,

And

And yet as oft relents: ſtopt worthily
By the paines horror, and ſinnes tyranny.
But one day drawing with diſſembled loue
His harm-les brother far into a groue,
Vpon the verdure of whoſe virgin-boughes
Bird had not pearch't, nor neuer beaſt did brouze;
With both his hands he takes a ſtone ſo huge
That in our age three men could hardlie bouge.
And iuſt vpon his tender brothers crowne
With all his might he cruel caſts it downe.
The murdred face lies printed in the mud,
And lowd for vengeance cries the martyr'd blood,
The battred braines fly in the murdrers face,
The Sun to ſhun this tragike fight, a-ſpace
Turnes back his Teeme: th'amazed Parricide
Doth all the *Furies* ſcourging whips abide:
Externall terrors and th'internall Worme
A thouſand kinds of liuing deaths do former
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his owne friends, of his owne ſhade affright,
Scarr'd with a leaſe and ſtarting at a ſparrow,
And all the World ſeemes for his feare too-narrow.
But for his Children borne by three and three,
Produce him nephewes, that ſtill multiply
With new increaſe; who yer their age be rife
Become great-grand-ſires in their grand-ſires life:
Staying at length, he choſe him out a dwelling
For woods and floods, and ayre and ſoyle excelling.

One ſels downe Firs, another of the ſame
With croſſed poles a little lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with dry wall about,
And leaues a breach for paſſage in and out:
With turfe and furſe, ſome others yet more groſe
Their homely ſties inſtead of wals incloſe:
Some like the Swallow mud and hay do mixe
And that about their ſilly Cotes they fixe:
Some heale their Roofes with fearn or reeds, or ruſhes
And ſome with hides, with oaſe, with boughs, & buſhes.
He, that ſtill fearefull, ſeeketh ſtill defence,
Shortly this hamlet to a Towne augments.
For with keen coultar hauing bounded witty
The foure-fac'te Rampire of his ſimple Citty;
With ſtones ſoone gathered on the neighbour ſtrand,
And clayie morter ready there at hand,
Well trod and temp'red, he immures his ſorte,
A ſtately Tower erecting on the Porte.
Which awes his owne; and threats his enemies,
Securing ſome-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tiger! think'ſt thou (helliſh fratricide)
Becauſe with ſtone-heapes thou art fortified,
Prince of ſome peaſants trained in thy tillage,
And ſilly Kingling of a ſimple village,
Think'ſt thou to ſcape the ſtorme of vengeance dread
That hangs already o're thy hatefull head?
No, wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On ſtrongeſt top of any ſteepeſt Hill:

We

Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen wall
Hauing for aide all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart of ſteele and yron weare,
Thy paine thou couldſt not, leſſe auoide thy feare,
Which chils thy bones, and runs through al thy vaines
Racking thy ſoule with twenty thouſand paines.

Cain (as they ſay) by this deep feare diſturbed,
Then firſt of all th'vntamed Courſer curbed,
That while about on others feet he run
With duſtie ſpeed, he might his death-man ſhun.
Among a hundred braue, light, luſty horſes,
(With curious eie, marking their comely forces)
He chooſeth one for his induſtrious proofe,
With round, high, hollow, ſmooth, browne, ietty hoofe,
With paſterns ſhort, vpright, but yet in meane,
Dry ſinnewie ſhancks, ſtrong fleſh-les knees and leun,
With Hart-like legs, broad breſt, and large behind,
With bodie large, in ſooth flancks & duble-chinde,
A creſted neck bow'd like a halfe-bent Bow
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flow,
A firme full taile, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two faire fat buttocks drownd,
A pricked eare, that reſts as little ſpace,
As his light foot; a leane bare bony face,
Thin ioule, and head but of a midling ſize,
Full, liuely-flaming, quickly rowling eies,
Great foaming mouth, hot fuming noſthrill wide,
Of cheſt-nut haire, his forehead ſtarrifide,

Three milkie feete, a feather on his breſt,
Whom ſeau'n-yeares-old at the next graſſe he gueſt.
This goodly Iennet gently firſt he wins,
And then to back him actiuely begins,
Steedy and ſtraight he ſits, turning his ſight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed horſe, ſuch thrall ill-ſuffering,
Begins to ſnuffe and ſnort and leap, and fling,
And flying ſwift, his fearefull Rider makes
Like ſome vnskilfull Lad that vnder-takes
To hold ſome ſhips helme, while the head-long tyde
Carries away the veſſell and her guide,
Who neere deuoured in the Iawes of death,
Pale, fearefull, ſhiu'ring faint, and out of breath,
A thouſand times with heau'n-erected eies
Repents him of ſo bold an enterpriſe,
But ſitting faſt, leſſe hurt then feared; *Cain*
Boldens himſelfe, and his braue Beaſt againe:
Brings him to pace, from pacing to the trot,
From trot to gallop, after runs him hot
In full career: and at his courage ſmiles;
And fitting ſtill, to run ſo many miles.
His pace is faire and free; his trot as light
As Tigers courſe, or Swallowes nimble flight:
And his braue gallop ſeemes as ſwift to go
As *Biſcain* darts, or ſhafts from *Ruſſian* bowe:
But roaring Cannon from his ſmoaking throate
Neuer ſo ſpeedy ſpewes the thundring ſhot

That

That in an Armie mowes whole ſquadrons down,
And batters bulwarks of a ſummond Town;
As this light horſe ſcuds, if he do but feele
His bridle ſlacke, and in this ſide the heele,
Shunning him ſelfe, his ſinewie ſtrength he ſtretches,
Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches,
Borne whirle-wind-like: he makes the trampled groũd
Shrincke vnder him, and ſhake with dubling ſound:
And when the ſight no more purſue him may,
In fieldie cloudes he vaniſheth away.
The wiſe-waxt Rider not eſteeming beſt
To take too-much now of his luſty Beaſt,
Reſtraines his furie: then with learned wand
The triple Coruet makes him vnderſtand:
With skilful voice he gently cheares his pride:
And on his neck his flattring palme doth ſlide:
Hee ſtops him ſteddy ſtill, new breath to take,
And in the ſame path brings him ſoftly backe.
But th'angry ſteede, riſing and rayning proudly,
Striking the ſtones, ſtamping, and naighing loudly
Cals for the combat, plunges, leapes, and prances,
Beſoames the path, with ſparkling eies he glances,
Champs on his burniſht bit, and glorioufly
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All ſide-long iaunts, on either ſide he iuſtles,
And's wauing Creſt couragiouſly he briſtles,
Making the gazers glad on euery ſide
To giue more roome vnto his portly Pride.

Cain gently ſtroakes him, and now ſure in ſeate,
Ambitiouſly ſeekes ſtill ſome freſher feate
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him back-ward bring.
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound,
And to each hand to mannage rightly round:
To ſtoope, to ſtop, to caper, and to ſwim,
To daunce, to leape, to hold-vp any lim:
And all, ſo done with time-grace-ordred skill,
As both had but one bodie and one will.
Th'one for his arte no little glorie gaines,
Th'other through practiſe by degrees attaines
Grace in his gallop, in his pace agility,
Lightnes of head, and in his ſtop facility,
Strength in his leape, and ſtedfaſt managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his courſe new winges.
The vſe of Horſes thus diſcouered,
Each to his worke more cheerely fetteled,
Each plies his trade, and trauailes for his age,
Following the paths of painefull *Tuball* ſage.
While through a forreſt *Tubal* with his *Yew*
And redy quiuer did a Bore purſue,
A burning mountaine from his fiery vaine,
An yron Riuer rowles along the plaine:
The witty huntſ-man muſing, thither hies
And of the wonder deeply gan deuiſe:
And firſt perceiuing that this ſcalding mettle
Becomming cold, in any ſhape would ſettle,

and

And grow ſo hard that with his ſharpned ſide,
The firmeſt ſubſtance it would ſoone deuide,
He caſts a hundred plots, and yer he parts
He moulds the ground-worke of a hundred arts:
Like as a hound that (following looſe, behind
His penſiue maſter) of a Hare doth find;
Leaues whom he loues, vpon the ſent doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheareful cry,
And with vp-lifted head and noſthrill wide
Winding his game ſnuffes-vp the wind, his guide:
A hundred wayes he meaſures vale and hill:
Eares, eies, nor noſe, nor foote, nor taile are ſtill,
Till in her hot fourme he haue found the pray
That he ſo long hath ſought for euery way.
For now the way to thouſand works reueald
Which long ſhall liue maugre the rage of Eld:
In two ſquare creaſes of vnequall ſiſes
To turne two yron ſtreamlings he deuiſes,
Cold, takes them thence: then off the droſſe he rakes,
And this a hammer, that an anuill makes,
And adding tongs to theſe two inſtruments,
He ſtores his houſe with yron implements:
As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-ſhars, coultars, ſtaples
Bolts, hindges, hooks, nails, whitles, ſpokes, & graples;
And grown more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
He hatcheth files, and winding Vices wormeth,
He ſhapeth ſheares, and then a ſaw indents,
Then beates a blade, and then a lock inuents;

Happy

Happy deuice! we might as well want all
The elements, as this hard mineral:
This, to the Plough-man for great vſes ſarues;
This, for the builder wood and marble carues:
This, armes our bodies againſt aduerſe force;
This, clothes our backes; this rules th'vnruly horſe:
This, makes vs drie-ſhod daunce in *Neptunes* hall:
This brightens gold; this conquers ſelfe and all:
Fift element, of inſtruments the haft,
The toole of tooles, and hand of Handi-Craft.
While, (compaſt round with ſmoaking *Cyclops* rude,
Halfe-naked *Brontes*, and *Steropes* ſwarthy-hew'd,
All well neare weary) ſweating *Tubal* ſtands
Haſtning the hot worke in their ſounding hands,
No time loſt *Iubal*: th'vn-ful harmonie
Of vn-euen hammers beating diuerſlie,
Wakens the tunes that his ſweet numb'ry ſoule
Yer [illegible] (ſome thinke) learnd of the warbling *Pole*.
Thereon he harpes, and ponders in his mind,
And glad and faine ſome inſtrument would find
That in accord thoſe diſcords might renew,
And th'Iron anuils ratling ſound enſew,
And iterate the beating hammers noiſe
In milder notes and with a ſweeter voice.
It chaunc't that paſsing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoiſe* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing elſe remained
Saue three drie ſinewes on the ſhell ſtiffe-ſtrained,

This

This empty houſe *Iubal* doth gladlie beare,
Strikes on thoſe ſtrings, and lends attentiue eare,
And by this mould, frames the melodious Lute
That makes woods harken, and the winds be mute;
The hils to daunce, the heau'ns to retro-grade,
Lyons be tame, and tempeſts quickly vade.
His Art ſtill waxing, ſweetly marrieth
His quau'ring fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charme care Lute he brings,
More inſtruments he makes: no eccho rings
Mid rocky concaues of the babling vales,
And bubling riuers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* ſinewes twind,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled wind.
But *Adam* guides through paths but ſeldome gone,
His other ſonnes to *Vertues* ſacred throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (ſet in good *Abels* place)
Staffe of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he inſtructeth in the waies of *Veritie*,
To worſhip God in ſpirit and ſincerity:
To honor parents with a reuerent awe,
To traine his children in religious law:
To loue his friends, his Countrey to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankind to lend.
To know heau'ns courſe, and how heau'ns conſtant (ſwaies,
The yeere in months, the months deuide in daies:
What ſtar brings Winter, what is Summers guide;
What ſigne foule weather, what doth faire betide;

What

What creature's kind, and what is curſt to vs:
What plant is holeſome, and what venemous.
No ſooner he his leſſons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the white of his intents:
Drawes rule from rule, and of his ſhort collations
In a ſhort time a perfect Art he faſhions.
The more he knowes, the more he craues, as fewell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.
Waile on a day by a cleere brooke they trauell
Whoſe gurgling ſtreame frizadoed on the grauell,
He thus beſpake: If that I did not ſee
The zeale (deere father) that you beare to me,
How ſtill you watch me with your carefull eyne,
How ſtill your voice with prudent diſcipline
My prentize eare doth oft re-verberate:
I ſhould miſdoubt to ſeeme importunate:
And ſhould content me to haue learned, how
The Lord the heauens about this *All* did bow;
What things haue hot, and what haue cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Loue my ſtudious hart aduances
To aske you further of the various chances
Of future times: what of ſpring ſpreading wide
Shall fill this world; what ſhall the world betide,
How long to laſt: What Magiſtrates, what Kings
With *Iuſtice* Mace ſhall gouerne mortall things.
Sonne, (quoth the ſire) our thoughts internal eye,
Things paſt and preſent may by meanes deſcrie,

But

But not the future, if by ſpeciall grace
It read it not in th'*One-Trines* glorious face.
Thou then that only, things to come doſt know,
Not by heau'ns courſe, nor gueſſe of things below,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatal birdes,
Nor trembling trypes of ſacrificed heards,
But by a cleere and certaine pre-ſcience
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents.
With whom at-once the three-fold times do flie,
And but a moment laſts eternitie.
O God behold me, that I may behold
Thy chriſtall face: O *Sunne* reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moone*: that now my vailed eies
Earth-ward eclipſt, may ſhine vnto the skies.
Rauiſh me Lord, ô my ſoules life, reuiue
My ſpirit a-ſpace, that I may ſee a-liue
Heau'n yer I die: and make me now (good Lord)
The Eccho of thy all-celeſtiall word.
With ſacred fury ſuddainly he glowes,
Not like the bedlam *Bacchanalian* frowes,
Who, dauncing, foaming, rowling furious-wiſe
Vnder their twinckling lids their torch-like eies,
With ghaſtlie voice, with viſage grizelie-grim;
Toſt by the fiend that fiercely tortures them,
Bleaking and bluſhing, panting, ſhreeking, ſwounding,
With wrath-les wounds their ſence-les mẽbers woun-
But as th'Imperial, Airie peoples Prince (ding:
With ſtately pinions ſoaring hie from hence,

cleaues

Cleaues throgh the clowds,& brauely-bold doth think
With her firme eye to make the Sunnes eie wink:
So *Adam* mounted on the burning wings
Of a *Seraficke* loue, leaues earthly things,
Feedes on ſweet æther, cleaues the ſtarry ſpheares,
And on Gods face his eies he fixly beares:
His browes ſeeme brandiſht with a Sun-like fier,
And his purg'd body ſeemes a cubit higher.
Then thus began he: Th'euer-trembling field
Of ſcalie folke, the Arches ſtarry ſeeld,
Where th'All-Creator hath diſpoſed well
The Sunne and Moone by turnes for ſentinel;
The cleere cloud-bounding ayre (the campe aſsignd
Where angry *Auſter* and the rough North wind
Meeting in battaile, throw down to the ſoile
The woods that midling ſtood to part the broile.)
The diaprie Manſions where mankind doth trade,
Were built in ſixe daies: and the ſeau'nth was made
The ſacred *Saboath*. So Sea, Earth and Ayre,
And azure-guilded heau'ns Pauilions faire,
Shall ſtand ſix daies, but longer diuerſlie
Then the daies bounded by the Worlds bright eie.
The *Firſt* begins with me: the *Seconds* morne
Is the firſt Ship-wright, who doth firſt adorne
The hils with Vines: that ſhepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through ſtrange lands leads his heard,
And paſt mans reaſon crediting Gods word
His only Sonne ſlaies with a willing ſword:

The

The *Next* another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a cannon takes his ſilly ſling,
And to a ſcepter turnes his ſhepheards-ſtaffe,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Pſalmograph:
The *Fifi* begins from that ſad Princes night
That ſees his children murdred in his ſight,
And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,
Poore *Inda* led in captiue heauines:
Hoped *Meſſias* ſhineth in the *Sixt*;
Who mockt, beat, baniſht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foule ſinnes (ſtil-ſelfly-innocent)
Hath fully borne the hateful puniſhment.
The *Laſt* ſhalbe the very *Reſting-Day*,
Th'ayre ſhal be mute, the waters worke ſhal ſtay,
The earth her ſtore, the ſtars ſhal leaue their meaſures,
The Sunne his ſhine, and in eternall pleaſures
We plungd, in heau'n ſhall aye ſolemnize all,
Th'eternal *Saboths* end-les *Feſtiuall*.
Alas, what may I of that race preſume
Next th'irefull flame that ſhall this Frame conſume,
Whoſe gut their God, whoſe luſt their law ſhalbe,
Who ſhall not heare of God, nor yet of mee?
Sith thoſe outragious, that began their birth
On th'holy groundſil of ſweet *Edens* earth:
And yet the ſound of heau'ns drad ſentence heare,
And as eie-witneſſe of mine exile were,
Seeme to deſpight God? Did it not ſuffize
(O luſtful ſoule) firſt to *polygamize*?

Suffizd

Suffiz'd it not (ô *Lamech*) to diſtaine
Thy nuptiall bed? but that thou muſt ingraine
In thy *great-Grandſires-Grandſires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? reſpecting nought before
The prohibition, and the threatning vow
Of him to whom th'infernall powers do bow:
Neither his Paſports ſealed character
Set in the forhead of the murderer
Courage (good *Enos*) re-aduance the ſtandard
Of holy *faith*, by humane reaſon ſclaunder'd,
And troden-down: Inuoke th'immortal power;
Vpon his Altar, warme bloud-offrings poure,
His ſacred noſe parfume with pleaſing vapour,
And teend againe *Truths* neer-extinguiſht taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, ſelfly-dying wholy,
(Earths ornament) to God he liueth ſoly.
Loe how he labours to endure the light
Which in th'*Arch-eſſence* ſhineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from ſence, and free from fleſhly lets,
Sometimes he climbes the ſacred Cabinets
Of the diuine *Ideas* euer-laſting,
Hauing for wings, *faith*, ſeruent *Praier* and *faſting*,
How at ſomtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He ſacred, ſees, feeles, all inioyes in God.
How at ſomtimes, mounting from forme to forme,
In forme of God he happy doth transforme.
Lo how th'all-faire, as burning all in loue
With his rare beauties, not content aboue

T'haue

Thaue halfe, but all, and euer: ſets the ſtaires
That lead from hence to heau'n his choſen heires.
Lo now he climbeth the ſupernal ſtories,
Adieu (deere *Henoch*) in eternall glories
Dwell there with God: thy body, chang'd in qualitie
Of ſpirit or angell, puts on immortalitie:
Thine eies already (now no longer eies
But new bright ſtars) do brandiſh in the skies:
Thou drinkeſt deepe of the celeſtial wine:
Thy *Sabaoth*'s endles: without vaile (in fine)
Thou ſeeſt God face to face; and neere vnite
To th'ONE-TRINE *Good*, thou liu'ſt in th'infinite.
But here the while (new Angel) thou doſt leaue
Fell wicked folke, whoſe hands are apt to reaue,
Whoſe ſcorpion tongues delight in ſowing ſtrife,
Whoſe guts are gulphes, inceſtuous all their life.
O ſtrange to be beleeu'd! the bleſſed race,
The ſacred flocke whom God by ſpeciall grace
Adopts for his, euen they (alas) moſt ſhame-les
Do follow ſinne, moſt beaſtly-brute and tameles,
With luſtfull eies chooſing for wanton ſpouſes
Mens wicked daughters, mingling ſo the houſes
Of *Seth* and *Cain*: preferring fooliſhly
Fraile beauties blaze to vertuous modeſty.
From theſe prophane, foule, curſed kiſſes ſprung
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;
Fel Gyants ſtrange, of hauty hand and mind,
Plagues of the world, and ſcourges of Mankind.

Then righteous God (though euer prone to pardon
Seeing his mildnes doth their malice harden,
Liſt plead no longer, but reſolues the fall
Of man forth-with, and for mans ſake, of all:
Of all (at leaſt) the liuing creatures glyding
Along the ayre, or on the earth abiding.
Heau'ns criſtal windowes with one hand he opes,
Whence on the world a thouſand ſeas he drops:
With th'other hand he gripes and wringeth forth
The ſpungy globe of th'execrable Earth,
So ſtreightly preſt, that it doth ſtraight reſtore
All liquid flouds that it had drunke before:
In euery rock new riuers do begin;
And to his aide the ſnowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars haue but boughes to ſhow,
The ſhoares do ſhrinke, the ſwelling waters grow.
Alas, ſo-many Nephews loſe I here
Amid theſe deepes: that but for mountains neere
Vpon the riſing of whoſe ridges loftie
The luſty climbe on euery ſide for ſafety,
I ſhould be ſeed-les: But alas the water
Swallowes thoſe hils, and al this wide Theater
Is all one Pond: ô children whither flie-you?
Alas heau'ns wrath purſues you to deſtroy-you.
The ſtormy waters ſtrangely rage and roare,
Riuers and ſeas haue all one common ſhoare,
(To wit) a ſable water-loaden skie
Ready to raine new Oceans preſently.

O ſonne-les father! ô too-fruitful haunches!
O wrerched roote! ô hurtfull hateful branches!
O gulphes vnknown! ô dungeons deepe and blacke!
O worlds decay! ô vniuerſall wracke!
O heau'ns! ô ſea! ô earth! (now earth no more)
O fleſh! ô bloud! Heere ſorrow ſtopt the doore
Of his ſad voice, and almoſt dead for woe,
The prophetizing ſpirit forſooke him ſo.

The ende of the firſt Day of the Second-Weeke.

THE ARKE.

THE FIRST BOOKE of the Second Day, of the ſecond vveeke.

Of the *Diuine Saluſtius Du BARTAS.*

Tranſlated by *Ioſuah Sylueſter.*

Printed by P. Short, for William Wood, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Weſt ende of Paules.
1598.

NON
FIDES
FESTINAT

To the moſt Honourable *Gentleman, Maiſter* Anthony Bacon.

Your friendly cenſure of my firſt ESSAIE
(*My* Second-Weekes *miſ-placed* Babilon)
My faint Endeuors hath ſo cheered on,
That Sixe *of them do now behold the day.*
Your gracious hand, repriuing from decay
My guiltleſſe Name, doomb'd to Obliuion,
Hath ſo ſtirr'd-vp my ſoules deuotion,
That in my Songs your Name *ſhall liue for aye.*
Your mild acceptance of my ſimple myte,
(Pattern and Patrone of all vertuous drifts)
Doth heere againe my gratefull Muſe *inuite*
To re-ſalute you with mine humble guifts,
Take theſe in gree: and my wel-meaning hart
Shall ſtudie ſtill to mend my meane deſart.

Your worthy vertues

euer-vowed

Ioſuah Syluеſter.

¶ The firſt Booke of the *Second Day of the Second* weeke, of *Saluſtius* du *BARTAS*.

IF now no more my ſacred rimes diſtill
With art-les eaſe from my diſ-cuſtom'd quill:
If now the *Laurel* that but lately ſhaded
My beating temples, be diſleau'd and vaded:
And if now, baniſh't from the learned fount;
And caſt downe head-long from the lofty mounte
Where ſweet *Vrania* ſitteth to indite,
Mine humbled *Muſe* flag in a lowly flight.
Blame theſe ſad times ingrateful cruelty,
My houſhould cares, my healths infirmity;
My drooping ſorrowes for late grieuous loſſes;
My buſie ſutes, and other bitter croſſes.
Lo there the clogs that waigh down heauily
My beſt endeuours, whilome ſoaring high:
My harueſts haile: the pricking thornes & weeds
That in my ſoule choake thoſe diuiner ſeedes:

O gracious God, remoue my great incumbers,
Kindle againe my faiths neare-dying imbers:
Aſſwage thine anger (for thine owne Sonnes merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit.
Combe, guild, and poliſh, more then euer yet,
This later iſſue of my labouring wit:
And let not me be like the wind, that proudly
Begins at firſt to roare and murmur loudly
Againſt the next hils, ouer-turns the woods,
With furious tempeſt tumbles vp the floods,
And fiercely-fell with ſtormy puffes conſtraines
The ſparkling flints to roule about the plaines;
But flying, faintes; and euery league it goes
One nimble feather of his wing doth loſe:
But rather like a Riuer poorely-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:
But toward the Sea, the more he flies his ſource,
With growing ſtreams ſtrengthens his gliding courſe,
Rowles, roares, and foames, raging with reſtles motiõ,
And proudly ſcornes the greatnes of the Ocean.
THE DOOMBES of *Adam* lack't not long effect,
For th'angry heau'ns that can without reſpect
Of perſons, plague the ſtubborne reprobate,
In waters buried th'*Vniuerſall-ſtate*.
And neuer more the nimble painted legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie regions,
We all had periſht, and the Earth in vaine
Had brought ſuch ſtore of fruits, and graſſe, & graine,

If *Lamechs* ſonne, by new-found art directed,
That huge vaſte veſſell had not firſt erected,
Which (ſacred refuge) kept the parent-payers
Of all things moving in the Earth and Ayres.
Now while the worldes-re-colonizing Boare
Doth on the waters ouer mountaines floate
Noe paſſeth not with tales, and idle play
The tedious length of dayes and nights away:
But as the Summers ſweet-diſtilling drops
Vpon the meddowes thirſty, yawning Chops,
Re-greens the Greens, and doth the flowers re-flower,
All ſcorcht and burnt with *Auſters* parching power:
So the care-charming honie that diſtils
From his wiſe Lips, his houſe with comfort fils,
Flatters diſpaire, dries teares, calmes inward ſmats
And re-aduanceth ſorrow-daunted harts.
Cheare yee (my Children) God doth now retire
Theſe murd'ring Seas, which the reuenging ire
Of his ſtric't *Iuſtice* holy indignation
Hath brought vpon this wicked generation,
Arming a ſeaſon to deſtroy mankind
The angry heau'ns, the water, and the wind:
As ſoon againe his gracious *Mercie* will
Cleare cloudie heau'ns, calme winds, and waters ſtill.
His wrath and mercy follow turne by turne;
That, like the Lightning, doth not lightly burne
Long in a place: and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.

Our

Our gracious God, makes ſcant-weight of diſpleaſure,
And ſpreads his Mercy without weight or meaſure:
Sometimes he ſtrikes vs (to eſpeciall ends)
Vpon our ſelues, our Children, or our frends,
In ſoule or bodie, goods, or elſe good-names,
But ſoone he caſts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fiſt but finger he doth beat vs,
Nor doth he thrill ſo oft as he doth threat-vs:
And prudent ſteward, giues his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell drones the lees.
And thus the deeds of heau'ns Iuſt-Gentle King
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did ſing.
But brutiſh *Cham*, that in his breſt accurſt,
The ſecret roots of ſinfull *Atheiſme* nurſt;
Withing already to diſthrone th'*Eternal*,
And ſelfe-vſurp the maieſty ſupernal:
And to himſelfe, by name of *Iupiter*,
On *Aſrikè* ſands a ſumptuous *Temple* rear:
With bended browes, with ſtout and ſtern aſpect,
In ſcornfull termes his father thus be-checkt.
Oh! how it grieues me, that theſe ſeruile terrors,
(The ſcourge of Cowards, and baſe vulgars errors)
Haue taen ſuch deep roote in your feeble breſt:
Why father, alwaies ſelfly thus depreſt,
Will you thus alwaies make your ſelfe a drudge,
Fearing the furie of a fained Iudge?
And will you alwaies forge your ſelfe a Cenſor
That weighes your words, and doth your ſilēce cēſure?

A ſlie Comptroulet, that doth coumpt your haires,
That in his hand your harts keyes euer beares,
Records your ſighes, and all your thoughts deſcries,
And all your ſinnes preſent and paſt eſpies?
A barbarous Butcher that with bloudy knife
Threats night and day your grieuous-guilty life?
O ſee you not the ſuperſtitious heat
Of this blind zeale, doth in your mind beget
A thouſand errors? light credulitie
Doth driue you ſtill to each extremitie,
Faining a God with thouſand ſtormes oppreſt,
Fainter then women, fiercer then a beaſt?
Who, tender-harted, weepes at others weeping,
Wailes others woes, and at the only peeping
Of others bloud, in ſuddaine ſwoune deceaſes;
In manly breaſt a womans hart poſſeſſes:
And who remorce-les, lets at any ſeaſon,
The ſtormy tyde of rage tranſport his reaſon,
And thunders threats of horror and miſhap,
Hides a Beares hart vnder a humane ſhape.
Yet of your God you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in teares, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, he frownes,
He burnes, he braines, he kils, he dams, he drownes.
The wildeſt Boare doth but one wood deſtroy;
A cruel Tyrant but one Land annoy:
And yet this Gods outragious tyrannie
Spoiles all the world, his only Empery.

O goodly *Iuſtice*! One or two of vs
Haue ſinn'd perhaps, and mou'd his anger thus;
All beare the paine, yea euen the innocent
Poore birds and beaſts incur the puniſhment.
No Father, no, ('tis follie to inter it)
God is no varying light, inconſtant ſpirit,
Ful of reuenge, and wrath, and moodie hate,
Nor ſauage-fell, nor ſuddaine paſsionate,
Nor ſuch as will for ſome ſmall fault vndoo
This goodly world, and his own nature too.
All wandring clowds, al humide exhalations,
All ſeas (which he ru'n through many generations
Hath hoorded-vp) with ſelfs-waight entercruſht,
Now all-at-once vpon the earth haue ruſht:
And th'endles, thin ayre, (which by ſecret quils
Had loſt it ſelfe within the winds-but hils
Darke hollow caues, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie criſtal turned by the cold)
Now ſwiftly ſurging towards heau'n againe:
Hath not alone drown'd al the lowly plaine,
But in few daies with raging *flouds* or'e-flown
The top-les Cedars of mount *Libanon*.
Then with iuſt griefe the godly father galled,
A deep, ſad ſigh from his harts center hailed,
And thus replide: O falſe, rebellious *Cham*!
Mine ages ſorrow, and my houſes ſhame,
Through ſelfe-conceipt contemning th'holy-Ghoſt,
Thy ſence is baend, thine vnderſtanding loſt,

And

And ô I feare (Lord falſifie my feare)
The heauy hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou I doubt ſhalt be
His furies obiect, and ſhalt teſtifie
By thine infamous liſes accurſed ſtate,
What now thy ſhame-les lips ſophiſticate.
I (God be praiſd) know that the perfect CIRCLE
Whoſe Center's euery-where, of al his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceaue aright
Th'Al-mighty-moſt to be moſt infinite:
That th'only ESSENCE feeles not in his mind
The furious tempeſts of fell Paſsions wind:
That moue-les, all he moues: that with one thought
He can build heau'n; and builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne's incloſd in glorious fier
Paſt our approch: that our faint ſoule doth tier,
Our ſpirit growes ſpright-les, when it ſeekes by ſence
To ſound his infinite Omni-potence.
I ſurely know, the Cherubins do houer
With flaming wings his ſtarry face to couer.
None ſees the *Great*, th'*Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But paſsing by and by the backe alone.
To vs, his eſſence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his waies, his name vnutterable,
So that concerning his high maieſty
Our feeble tongues ſpeak'e but improperly:
For if we call him ſtrong, the praiſe is ſmall;
If bleſſed ſpirit, ſo are his Angels all.

If great of Greats, he's void of quantitie:
If good, faire, holy, he wants qualitie:
Sith in his *Essence* fully excellent,
All is pure substance, free from accident.
Therefore our voice, too-faint in such a subiect
T'ensue our soule, and our weake soule her obiect,
Doth alwaies stammer; so that euer when
'T would make Gods name redoubted among men;
(In humane phraze) it cals him pittifull,
Repentant, iealous, fierce, and angerfull.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like vs;
His iealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pitty wretched, nor his anger furious.
Th'immortal spirit is euer calmely-cleere:
And all the best that feeble man doth heere,
With vehemence of some hot passion driuen;
That, with ripe iudgement doth the king of heauen.
Shall a Phisition comfortably-bold,
Feare-les, and teare-les, constantly behold
His sickly friend vext with exceeding paine,
And feele his pulse, and giue him health againe:
And shall not th'*euer-selfe-resembling* God
Looke down from heau'n vpon a wretched clod,
Without he weepe, and melt for griefe and anguish;
Nor cure his creature, but himselfe must languish?
And shall a Iudge, selfe-angerles, prefer
To shameful death the strange adulterer;

As

As onely looking fixely all the time
Not on the ſinner but the ſinfull crime:
And ſhall not then th'Eternall *Iuſticer*
Condemne the Atheiſt and the murderer,
Without ſelf-furie? O ſhall *Iuſtice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnified in men?
Or ſhall his ſacred Will, and ſoueraigne might
Bee chain'd ſo faſt to mans fraile appetite,
That filthy ſin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull rage him ſelfly-cruciate?
Gods ſacred vengeance, ſerues not for defence
Of his owne *Eſſence* from our violence:
(For in the heau'ns aboue all reach of ours,
He dwels immur'd in diamantine towers.)
But to direct our liues, and lawes maintaine,
Guarde innocence, and iniurie reſtraine.
Th'Almighty muſt not mean, when he ſubuerted
Neere all the world from holy pathes departed.
For *Adams* Trunck (of both our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire Branches forking fruitfully
Of *Cain* and *Seth*: the firſt brought forth a ſute
Of bitter, wilde, and moſt deteſted fruite.
Th'other, firſt rich in goodneſſe afterward
With thoſe baſe ſyons being graft was marr'd,
And ſo produced execrable cluſters
Worthy ſuch wicked and inceſtuous ſiſters:
And then alas, what was there to be found
Pure, iuſt, or good, in all this Earthly Round?

Cains line, poſſeſt ſinne, as an heritage;
Seths, as a dowrie got by mariage:
So that alas among all humane-kind
Thoſe mongrell kiſſes marr'd the pureſt mind.
And we, euen we that haue eſcaped here
This cruell wrack, within our Conſcience beare
A thouſand records of a thouſand things:
Conuincing vs before the King of Kings.
Whereof not one (for all our ſelfe-affection)
We can defend with any iuſt obiection.
God plaid no tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly Bands and all the ayrie broods:
For ſith they liu'd but for mans ſeruice ſole,
Man, rac't for ſin out of the *Liuing Role*,
Thoſe wondrous tooles, and organes excellent,
Their work-man reft, remain'd impertinent.
Man's only head of all that draweth breath:
Who lacks a member, yet perſeuereth
To liue (we ſee) but members cut away
From their own head, do by and by decay.
Nor was God cruel, when he drownd the Earth,
For ſithence man had from his very birth
Rebeld againſt him, was't not equity,
That for his fault, his houſe ſhould vtterly
Be rent and raz'd? that ſalt ſhould there be ſown,
That in the ruines, (for inſtruction)
We for a time might reade and vnderſtand
The righteous vengeance of heauns wrathfull hand;

The

That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waues
Of ayrie cloudes, or vnder-Earthly caues?
If all blew curtins mixt of ayre and water
Round-ouer-spreading this wide All-Theater,
To some one Climate all at once should fly,
One Countrie they might drowne vndoubtedly;
But our great Galley hauing gon so farre,
So many monthes, in sight of either Starre,
From either Pole through sundry Climates whorld,
Showes, that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.
Now *non-plus's*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou fly for succour to thine Ayrie Dampe,
Show, in the contane of whab mountaines steep
We may imagine dennes sufficient deepe
For so much ayre as gushing out in fountaines,
Should hide the proud tops of the highest mountains:
Sith a whole tun of ayre scarce yeelds (in triall)
Water ynough to fill one little vial:
And what should then betyde those emptie spaces?
What should succeede in the forsaken places
Of th'aires thin parts, in swift springs shrinking thence,
Sith there's no voide in th'all-circumference?
Whence (wilt thou say) then comes this raging flood
That ouer-flowes the windie *Rypheen* wood,
Mount Libanus, and enuiously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires?
Whence (shal I say) thē, whence-from comes it (*Cham*)
That Wolues, and Panthers waxing meeke and tame,

Leauing their wofull sad distressed home,
Adiourn'd by heau'n, did all my sense benoome,
Who holding subiect vnder my command
So many Creatures humbled at my hand,
Am now reduc'd to such distressed state,
When all the world, and Sathan hate?
Whence doth it come, or what reason is,
That vn-mann'd Haggards to my fist
Come home still? What doth it then auaile
Should serue so long so many a greedy gut
As in the darkest of the night is shut?
That hee the Partridge does not dread the Hauke?
Nor fearefull Hare the swift-foot Hound or Beagle?
That all the Creatures our Vessell haue not broake?
With noysome breath, and extreme all sicke?
Of such a common and continuall sicke?
And that of these, which these deaths haue shun'd
From these All Seas, where all the rest are found?
Are not so many planks, and boords, and pins,
Strangers strange, and miracles that grow
Mans wrangling reason, and his wits confound?
And God, no lesse his mighty power displaid?
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.
(O sacred Patron pacifie his ire,
Bring home our Hulke, these angrie floods asswage,

A-liue and dead, let vs perceiue and proue
Thy wrath on others, on our heads thy loue.
Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captiuitie,
Beguiles the time, and charmes his miserie,
Hoping in God alone who, in the mountaines
Now stopping close the vaines of all the fountaines,
Shutting heau'ns sluices, causing th'ayre (contrould)
Close-vp his Channels and his seas with-hould,
Cals forth the windes: O heau'ns fresh flannes (qd. he)
Earths sweeping broomes, O forrests enmitie,
O you my heralds and my harbengers,
My nimble Postes and speedy messengers,
Mine armes, my sinewes, and mine Eagles swift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,
When from my mouth, in my iust kindled ire
Fly sulphrie fumes, and hot consuming fire,
When with my Lightning-sceptre dreadful wunder
I muster horror, darknes, cloudes and thunder:
Wake, rise, and run, and drinke these waters dry
That hils and dales haue hidden from the sky.
Th'*Aeolian* Crowd obayes his mighty call,
The surly surges of the waters fall,
The sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keele*
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet do kneele
A thousand Hils, his lofty horne adoring
That cleaues the cloudes, the starry welkin goaring.
Then hope-cheerd *Noah* first of all for scoute
Sends forth the Crowe, who flutters neere-about;

And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returnes a-boord to his great Admiral.
Some few daies after from the window flies
The harme-les Doue for new discoueries,
But seeing yet no shoare, she almost tyr'd
Aboord the Carrack backe againe retyr'd.
But yer the Sun had seau'n Heau'n-circuits rode,
To view the world afresh she flies abroad;
And brings a-boord (at euening) in hir bill
An Oliue branch with water pearled still.
O happy presage! ô deere pledge of loue!
O wel-come newes! behold the peacefull Doue
Brings in her beake the Peace-branch, boading weale
And truce with God; who by this sacred seale
Kindly confirmes his noble couenant,
That first, in fight the Tyger rage shall want,
Lyons be cowards, Hares courageous,
Yer he be false in word or deed to vs.
O sacred Oliue, firstling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Haue liued still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I do reioice, it hath not al things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebbe, thou newly spring,
I praise the bounty of th'immortal King
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing
With beauty fresh so suddainly renewing.
Thus *Noah* spake: And though the world gan lift
Most of his Iles aboue the waters drift,
Though, waxen old in his long wearie night,

He ſee a friendly Sun to brandiſh bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his ſtincking ſtaule,
Hee'l not a-ſhoare till God be pleas'd withall:
And till (deuout) from heau'n he vnderſtand
Some Oracle to licence him to land.
But warn'd by heau'n: he commeth from his Caue,
(Or rather from a foule infectious graue)
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Iapheth*,, and their twice-two Brides,
And thouſand paires of liuing things beſides,
Vnclean and clean: for th'holy *Patriarke*
Had of all kinds incloſed in the Arke.
But here, I heare th'vngodly, that for feare
Late whiſpered ſoftly in each others eare,
With ſilent murmurs muttring ſecretly;
Now trumpet thus their filthy blaſphemie.
Who will beleeue (but ſhallow-brained ſheep)
That ſuch a ſhip ſcarce thirtie Cubits deepe,
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many monthes could beare ſo great a charge?
Sith the proud Horſe, the rough-skin'd Elephant,
The luſty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-vp a hulke far deeper, longer, broader?
O prophane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Veſſell a vaſte multitude
Of ſince-borne mongrels, that deriue their birth
From monſtrous medly of *Venerian* mirth;
Fantaſtike Mules, and ſpotted Leopardes,
Of inceſt-heat ingendred after-wards:

So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doues,
Since, dayly sprung from strange and mingled loues,
Wherein from time to time in various sort,
Dedalian Nature seemes her to disport.
If plainer yet I proue you space by space
And foote by foote, that all this ample place,
By subtil iudgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge so many creatures handsomely,
Sith euery brace was *Geometricall*:
Nought resteth (*Atheist*) for your reply at all;
If, who dispute with God, may be content
To take for current, Reasons argument.
But heere t'admire th'Al-mighties powerfull hand
I rather loue, and silence to command
To mans discourse, what he hath said, is done:
For euermore his word and deed are one.
By his sole arme the *Gallions* Masters, sawe
Themselues safe rescude from deaths yawning iawe;
And offer-vp to him in zealous wise,
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;
And send with all aboue the starrie Pole
These winged sighes from a religious soule.
World-shaking father, Windes-king, calming-seas,
With mild aspect behold vs: Lord appease
Thine Angers tempest, and to safetie bring
The plancks escapte from this sad Perishing:
And bound for euer in their ancient Caues
These stormy seas deep World-deuouring waues.

Increase

Increaſe (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitefull Progenie:
Reſume your ſcepter, and with new beheaſts
Bridle againe the late reuolted Beaſts,
Re-excerciſe your wonted rule againe,
It is your office ouer them to raigne:
Deare Children, vſe them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abſtaine and do not take for meate
Their ruddy ſoule: and leaue (O ſacred feed)
To rau'ning foules of ſtrangled fleſh to feed.
I, I am holy, be you holy then:
I deeply hate all cruel bloody men,
Therefore defile not in your brothers blood
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruel mood;
Fly homicide: do not in any caſe,
In man, mine Image brutiſhly deface.
The cruell man a cruel death ſhall taſte;
And blood with blood be venged firſt or laſt.
For euermore vpon the murdrers heade
My roaring ſtormes of furie ſhalbe ſhed.
From henceforth, feare no ſecond *Flood* that ſhall
Couer the whole face of this Earthly Ball:
I aſſure ye no; no, no, I ſweare to you,
(And who hath euer found mine Oath vntrue?)
Againe I ſweare by my thrice-ſacred *Name*:
And to confirme it, in the Cloudes I frame
This coloured Bowe. When then ſome tempeſt blacke
Shall threat againe the fearefull World to wrack:

When

When water-loaden heau'ns your hils ſhall tutch:
When th'ayre with mid-night ſhal your Noon be-pitch:
Your cheereſull looks vp to this Rain-Bowe caſt,
For though the ſame on moyſtfull cloudes be plaſt
Though hemm'd with ſhowers, & though it ſeem to ſup
(To drown the World) all th'Oceans waters vp,
Yet ſhall it (when you ſeem in danger ſinck)
Make you of me; me, of my promiſe, thinke.
Noah lookes vp, and in the ayre he viewes
A ſemi-Circle of a hundred hewes:
Which, bright aſcending toward th'ætheriall thrones,
Hath a lyne drawne between two *Orizons*
For iuſt *Diameter*: an euen-bent bowe
Contriu'd of three; whereof the one doth ſhow
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The ſecond green, the third an orient blew;
Yet ſo that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal-like*) ſome changeable is ſeen.
A Bow bright-ſhining in th'Arch-Archers hand,
Whoſe ſubtill ſtring ſeems leuell with the land,
Half-parting heau'n; and ouer vs it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends.
A temporall beautie of the lampfull skies,
Where powerfull Nature ſhowes her freſheſt dies.
And if you only blew and red perceiue,
The ſame as ſignes of Sea and fire conceaue;
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doombe*,
The *Iudgements* paſt, and *Iudgement* yet to come.

Then

Then hauing cald on God, our ſecond father
Suffers not ſloth his armes togither gather,
But fals to worke, and wiſely now renew'th
The trade he learnd to practize in his youth.
For the proud iſſue of that Tyrant rude
That firſt his hand in brothers bloud imbrewd,
As skorning ploughes, and hating harmleſſe tillage,
And (wantons) priſing leſſe the homely village,
With fields and Woods, then th'idle Cities ſhades:
Imbraced Lawes, Scepters, and Artes, and Trades.
But *Seths* ſonnes, knowing Nature ſoberly
Content with little; fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing with induſtrious care,
The flocks and droues couerd with vvooll and haire;
As praiſe-full gaine, and profit void of ſtriſe,
Arte nurſe of Artes, and very life of life.
So the bright honour of the heau'nly tapers
Had ſcarcely boxed al th'Earths dropſie vapors,
When he that ſau'd the ſtore-ſeed-World from wrack,
Began to delue his fruitfull mothers back,
And there ſoon-after planteth heedfullie
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
For' mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warme Sunnes eye lying open ſtill,
He ſets in furrowes or in ſhallow trenches
The crooked Vines choice ſcyons, ſhoots, & branches:
In March he delues them, re-re-delues, and dreſſes,
Cuts, props, & proines; & God his worke ſo bleſſes,

That

That in the third *September* for his meed
The plenteous Vintage doth his hopes exceede.
Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefes that vext his feeble age,
To see with mud so many Roofes o're-grown,
And him left almost in the World alone,
One-day a little from his strictnesse shrunck,
And making merry, drinking, ouer-drunk:
And silly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drowne his woes, he drowns his wits and all.
His head growes giddie, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled braine torments,
His idle prattle from the purpose quite,
Is abrupt, stutt'ring, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-stuft stomack wrung with wind he feeles,
His trembling Tent al topsi-turuie wheeles:
At last, not able on his legs to stand,
More like a foule swine then a sober man,
Oppresst with sleep, he wallowes on the ground
His shame-les snorting trunck, so deeply drownd
In self-oblinion, that he did not hide
Those parts that *Cæsar* coured when he dide.
Euen as the Rauens with windie wings o're-fly
The weeping woods of *Happie Arrabie*,
Despise sweet Gardens, and delicious Bowers
Perfuming heau'n with odoriferous flowers,
And greedy, light vpon the loathsome quarters
Of *some Late* Lopez, *or such* Romish martirs:

Or

Or as a young, vnskilfull, Painter drawes,
Doth care-lesly the fairest features draw
In any face, and yet too nearely marks
Th'vnpleasing blemish of deformed marks;
As lips too great, or hollownes of eies,
Or sincking nose, or such inelegancies:
Euen so the ungodly sons of Leasings father
With blacke illusions sponges angrately smooth
Faire vertues draughts, and calls despightfully
On the least sinne the venome of their eies
From others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:
Like scoffing Cham that impudently vewd
His fathers shame, and most prophanely-lewd
With scornfull laughter, grace-les thus began
To infamize the poore old drunken man.

Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold
This pure Controuler that so oft contrould
Vs without cause: see how his bed he soyles,
See, how the wine, his maister, now recoyles
By's mouth, and nies and nose: and brutely lo,
To all that come his naked shame doth show.

Ah shame-les beast (both brethren him reproou'd,
Both chiding thus, both with instanger moou'd)
Vnnatural villain, monster pestilent,
Vnworthy so behold the firmament,
Where (absent we) thou ought'st haue hid before
With thine owne Cloake, but with thy silence more,

Thy

Thy fathers ſhame, whom age, ſtrong wine, and griefe,
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkeſt firſt, and ſporting at the matter
Proclaim'ſt his fault on infamies Theater.
And ſaying this (turning their ſight aſide)
Their hoarie fathers nakedneſſe they hide.
When wine had wrought, this good old-man awooke
Agniz'd his crime, aſhamed, wounder-ſtrooke
At ſtrength of wine, and touch't with true repentance,
With Prophet-mouth gan thus his ſons fore-ſentence.
Curſt be thou *Cham*, and curſt bee (for thy ſcorne)
Thy darling *Canaan*; let the pearly *Morne*,
The radiant *Noone*, and rheumie *Euening*, ſee
Thy neck ſtill yoaked with Captiuitie.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious ſpeed
Spread wide my *Iapheths* fruitefull-ſwarming ſeede.
Error, no error, but a wilfull badnes:
O foule defect! ô ſhort, ô dangerous madnes!
That in thy rage, dooſt harme-leſſe *Clytus* ſmother
By his deere friend; *Panthea* by his mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter inſolent
The talk-full blab, cruel the violent,
The fornicator waxe adulterous,
Th'adulterer become inceſtuous,
With thy plagues leuen ſwelling all our crimes;
Blind, ſhame-les, ſence-les, quenching often-times
The ſoule within it ſelfe: and oft defames
The holieſt men with execrable blames.

And

And as the Muſle, beginning to reboyle,
Makes his new veſſels wooden bands recoyle,
Lifts-vp his lees, and ſpewes with fuming vent
From this Tubs ground his ſcummy excrement:
So ruin'ſt thou thine hoaſt, and fooliſhly
From his harts bottom driu'ſt all ſecrecie.
But hadſt thou neuer done (ô filthy poyſon)
More miſchiefe here, but thus bereft of reaſon
This Vertues Model, rather Vertues beſt,
We ought thee more then Death it ſelfe deteſt.

FINIS.

AN ESSAIE

AN ESSAIE OF THE SECOND WEEKE OF the noble, learned and Diuine,

Saluſtius du Bartas.

BY

IOSVAH SILVESTER.

AT LONDON,
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1598.

NON
FIDES
FESTINAT

To the moſt honourable *Gent. Maſter* Anthony Bacone.

SIR, finding my ſelfe not meanely bounde vnto your honourable kindneſſe, for vndeſerued curteſies; I haue not ſeldome wiſhed by ſome acceptable endeuor to approue my ſelfe vnto you, and to maintaine me in the ſame degree of your good opinion. But hitherto (according to the frowardneſſe of mine vſuall fortunes) I haue bin fruſtrate of this deſire alſo. Wherefore (till ſome happier opportunity miniſter me ſome higher occaſiõ) I haue aduentured (for humble tender of the loue and duty that I owe) to preſent you (as a ſmall taſt of my truant exerciſes) theſe fewe leaues, lately gathered in the incomparable garden of the all-admired, noble, learned, & diuine Saluſtius du Bartas. *Which I haue the rather preſumed, ſeeing firſt another plant out of the ſame delightfull plot, dedicated to your worthy ſelfe: and this I thought more properly to appertaine to you: partly, becauſe (through glori-*

ous mention of your most honorable father) it beares already your name in the Originall: but most especially, sith since my transplantation (though peraduenture later remoued then the rest) only by the comfortable sun-shine of your fauorable countenance, it is thus-ripened, before his yet-winter-shadowed felows. As it is (sir) accept it, I beseech you, after the custom of your al-vertue-fauoring inclination: and giue me leaue, on the tuch-stone of your exquisite iudgment, to trie the mettle of my poore wits selfe-suspected models: and if they hold in any tollerable proportion with the purer karact of theese all-arte-inriched times, vouchsafe them the stampe of your approbation: if they bee base or counterfet, brand them with disgrace, that according to your graue-respected cẽsure, I may either resolue (as my care-distracted spirits will suffer) to pollish the remainder: or else (repenting mee of those misbestowed houres) bury all together in the bottome of obliuion, from view of this curious world. So wishing you, with all spirituall consolatiõs of a right-religious conscience, all health of body, and fortunes answerable to your honorable mind; I rest euer the most willing seruaunt of your worthinesse.

Iosuah Siluester.

The ſecond booke of the ſecond day, of the ſecond weeke of *Saluſtius du Bartas.*

O Happie people, where good princes raigne,
Who tender publike more thé priuate gaine:
Who vertue's patrons, & the plagues of vice,
Hate paraſites, and harken to the wiſe:
Who ſelf-commanders, rather ſin ſuppreſſe
By ſelf-examples, then by rigorouſnes:
Whoſe inward-humble, outward-máieſtie
With ſubiects loue is guarded loyaltie:
Who Idol-not their pearlie ſcepters glorie,
But know themſelues ſet on a loftie ſtorie
For all the world to ſee, and cenſure too:
So, not their luſt, but what is iuſt they doe.
But 'tis a hell, in hatefull vaſſalage
Vnder a Tyrant to conſume ones age:
A ſelf-ſhau'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed courtes with bloud and inceſt ſwell:
An Owle, that flies the light of Parlamentes
And ſtate-aſſemblies; ielous of th'intentes

Of priuate tongues: who for a paſtime, ſets
His peeres at ods; and on their furie whettes:
Who neither faith, honor, nor right reſpects:
Who euerie day new offices erects.
Who brookes no learned, wiſe, nor valiant ſubiects,
But dayly crops ſuch vice-vpbraiding obiects:
Who, worſe then beaſtes, or ſauage monſters been,
Spares neither mother, brother, kiſſe, nor kinne:
Who, though round fenc't with gard of armed knights
A-many moe, he feares, then he affrightes:
Who taxes ſtrange extorts; and Caniball
Gnawes to the bones his wretched ſubiects all.
Print (O heauen's king) in our kings hart's, a zeale,
Firſt, of thy lawes; then of their publike weale:
And if our courtiers now-*Po*-poyſoned phraſe;
Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes,
Leaue anie tract of *Nimrodizing* there;
O cancell it, that they may euery where
In ſtead of *Babel*, build *Ieruſalem*:
That lowd my *Muſe* may eccho vnder them.
YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice ſixe yeeres,
He tyraniz'd among his ſtripling-peeres,
Out-ſtript his equals, and in happie hower
Layd the foundations of his after-power:
And bearing reedes for ſcepters, firſt he raignes
In prentice-princedome ouer ſhepperd ſwaines.
Then knowing well, that who ſo aymes illuſter,
At fancied bliſſe of Empires awfull luſter;

In

In valiant actes muſt paſſe the vulgar ſorte,
Or maske (at leaſt) in louelie vertu's porte:
He ſpends not night on beds of downe or feathers,
Nor day in tents; but hardens to all wethers
His youthfull limbes: and takes ambitiouſlie
A rock for pillow, heauen for canapey:
In ſtead of ſoftlings ieſtes, and iollities,
He ioyes in iuſtes, and manlie exerciſe:
His daintie cates, a fatte kids trembling fleſh,
Scarce fullie flaine, luke-warme, and bleeding freſh.
Then, with one breath, he ſtriueth to attaine
A mountaines top, that ouerpeeres the plaine:
Againſt the ſtreame to cleaue the rowling ridges
Of Nymph-ſtrong floods, that haue borne downe their
Rũning vnrain'd with ſwift reboũding ſallies (bridges,
Acroſſe the rockes within the narrow vallies:
To ouertake the dart him ſelfe did throw,
And in plaine courſe to catch the Hind or Rowe.
But, when fiue luſters of his age expir'd,
Feeling his ſtomach and his ſtrength aſpir'd
To worthier warres, perceiu'd he anie-where,
Boare, Libbard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounce, or Beare,
Him dreadles combates; and in combate foyles,
And reares high tropheis of his bloodie ſpoiles.
The people, ſeeing by his warlike deed
From theeues, and robbers euerie paſſage freed:
From hideous yells, the deſarts round about:
From feare their flockes; this monſter-maſter ſtoute,

This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him all their father and defender.
Then *Nimrod* ſnatching fortune by the treſſes
Strikes the hot ſteele; ſues, ſoothes, importunes, preſſes
Now theſe, then thoſe: and haſtning his good hap
Leaues hunting beaſtes, and hunteth men to trap.
For like as he in former queſtes did vſe
Cals pit-fals, toyles, ſprenges, and baites, & glewes:
And in the end againſt the wilder game (tame:
Clubs, dartes, and ſhaftes, and ſwordes, their rage to
So, ſome he winnes with promiſe-full intreates,
With preſents ſome, and ſome with rougher threates:
And boldly breaking boundes of equitie,
vſurpes the child-world's maiden Monarchie.
Where as before, each kinred had for guide
Their proper Cheefe, yer that the youthfull pride
Of vpſtart ſtate, ambitious, boyling, fickle
Did thruſt as now in others corne his ſickle.
Inthoniz'd thus, this tyrant gan deuiſe
To perpetrate a thouſand cruelties,
Pel-mel ſubuerting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Natur's triple-ſacred Right.
He braues th'almightie, lifting to his noſe,
His flowring ſcepter: and for feare he loſe
The peoples awe, who idle, in the end
Might ſlip their yoake; he ſubtlelie makes them ſpend,
Drawes drie their wealth, and buſies them to build
A loftie Tower, or rather *Atlas* wilde.

W'haue

Whaue liu'd (quoth he) too long like pilgrim groomes
Leaue we theſe rowling tents, and wandring roomes:
Let's raiſe a pallace, whoſe prowd frunt and feet
With heau'n and hell may in an inſtant meet;
A ſure *Aſylum*, and a ſafe retreat,
If th'irefull ſtorme of yet-more floods ſhould threat:
Let's found a Citie, and vnited there
Vnder a king let's lead our liues; for feare
Leaſt ſeuerd thus, in Princes, and in tents,
Wee be diſpearſt ore all the regiments
That in his courſe the dayes bright champion eyes
Might-leſſe our ſelues to ſuccour, or aduiſe:
But if the fire of ſome inteſtine warre,
Or other miſchiefe ſhould deuide vs farre,
Brethren (at leaſt) let's leaue memorials
Of our great names on theſe clowd-neighbouring (wals.
Now, as a ſparke, that ſhepheards, vneſpied
Haue faln by chance vpon a foreſt's ſide
Among dry leaues; a-while in ſecret ſhrowdes,
Lifting a-loft ſmal, ſmoakie-wauing clowdes,
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it bluſhes
With angrie rage; and riſing through the buſhes,
Climbes fragrant Hauthornes, thence the Oake, and
The Pine, and Firr, that bridge the Ocean, (than
It ſtill gettes ground; and running doth augment,
And neuer leaues till all neere woods be brent:
So this ſweet ſpeech, firſt broacht by certain minions,
Is ſoone applauded, mong the light opinions:

And

And by degrees from hand to hand renewd,
To all the baſe confuſed multitude.
Who, longing now to ſee this caſtle reard,
Them night and day in differing craftes beſtirrd.
Some fall to felling with a thouſand ſtroakes
Aduenturous Alders, Aſhes, long-liu'd oakes,
Degrading forreſts, that the ſunne might view
Fieldes that before his bright rayes neuer knew.
Ha'ye ſeene a towne expoſ'd to ſpoyle & ſlaughter,
At victors pleaſure, where laments and laughter
Mixtlie reſound; ſome carrie, ſome conuaie,
Some lugge, ſome load; gainſt ſouldiers ſeeking-pray
No place is ſure: and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ranſackt towne doth runne:
So in a trice, theſe carpenters diſrobe
Th' *Aſſyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,
Strip the ſteepe mountaines of their gaſtlie ſhades,
And powle the broad plaines of their branchie glades:
Cartes, Sleds, and Mules, thick-iuſtling meet abroad,
And bending axels groane beneath their load.
Heere, for hard Ciment, heap the night and day
The gummie ſlime of chalkie waters gray:
There, buſie kil-men plie their occupations
For bricke and tile: there, for their firme foundations
They digg to hell; and damned ghoſtes againe
(Paſt hope) behold the ſunn's bright glorious waine.
Their hammers noyſe, through heauen rebounding
Affrightes the fiſh that in faire Tygris ſwimme. (brim,
Theſe

Theſe ruddie walles in height, and compaſſe grow,
They caſt long ſhadow, and far-off doe ſhowe: (miſe
All ſwarmes with workemen, that (poore ſottes) ſur-
Euen the firſt day to tutch the verie skies.
Which, God perceiuing, bending wrathful frownes
And with a noyſe that roaring thunder drownes;
Mid clowdie fieldes, hills by the rootes he rakes,
And th'vnmoud hinges of the heauens he ſhakes:
See, ſee (quoth he) theſe duſt-ſpawn, feeble, dwarfes,
See their huge caſtles, walls, and counter-ſcarphes:
O ſtrength-full peece, impregnable, and ſure,
All my iuſt anger's batteries to endure.
I ſwore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more
Henceforth ſhould feare the raging Ocean's roare:
Yet build they towers: I wild that ſcattered wide
They ſhould goe man the world, and loe they bide
Selfe-priſoned here: I meant to be their maſter,
My ſelfe alone, their law, their prince, and paſtor;
And they, for Lord a tyrant ſel haue tane them,
Who, to their coſt, wil roughlie curbe and raine them:
Who skornes mine arme, & with theſe brauing towers
Attempts to skale this chriſtall throne of ours.
Come, come, let's daſh their drift; and ſith, combind
As well in voyce, as blood, and lawe, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold
Incourage-on themſelues their worke to hold,
Let's caſt a let gainſt their quicke diligence,
Let's ſtrike them, ſtraight with ſpirit of difference,

Let's

Let's all-cõfound their ſpeech, let's make the brother,
The ſire, and ſonne, not vnderſtand each other.
This ſaid, as ſoone confuſedlie did bound
Through all the worke I woat not what ſtrange ſound,
A iangling noyſe not much vnlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* ſwaynes amid their drunken humors:
Some ſpeake betweene the teeth, ſome in the noſe,
Some in the throat their wordes doe ill diſpoſe,
Some howle, ſome hallow, ſome doe ſtut and ſtraine,
Each hath his gibberiſh, and all ſtriue in vaine
To find againe their knowne beloued tongue,
That with their milke they ſuck't in cradle young.
Ariſe betimes, while th'O*pal*-colored Morne,
In golden pompe doth *May-dayes* doore adorne:
And patient heare th'all-differing voyces ſweet
Of painted ſingers, that in groues doe greet
Their loue-B*on-iours*, each in his phraze and faſhion
From trembling pearch vttring his earneſt paſsion;
And ſo thou mayſt conceipt what mingle-mangle
Among this people euerie where did iangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quicklie, quicke;
One brings him vp a hammer: heaw this bricke,
Another bids, and then they cleaue a tree:
Make faſt this rope, and then they let it flee:
One calls for planckes, another mortar lackes,
They beare the firſt, a ſtone; the laſt an axe:
One would haue ſpikes, and him a ſpade they giue:
Another askes a ſawe, and gettes a ſiue:

Thus

Thus croſly-croſt, they prate and point in vaine;
What one hath made, another mars againe:
Nigh breath-les all, with their confuſed yawling,
In booteles labour, now begins appawling.
In breefe, as thoſe, that in ſome channell deepe
Begin to build a bridge with arches ſteepe,
Perceauing once in thouſand ſtreames extending,
The courſe-chang'd riuer from the hils deſcending,
With waterie mountaines bearing down their bay,
As if it skornd ſuch bondage to obay:
Abandon quickly all their worke begun,
And heere and there for ſwifter ſafety run:
Theſe Maſons ſo, ſeeing the ſtorme arriued
Of Gods iuſt wrath, all weake, and hart-depriued,
Forſake their purpoſe, and like franticke fooles
Scatter their ſtuffe, and tumble downe their tooles.
O proud reuolt! O traiterous felony!
See in what ſort the Lord hath puniſht thee
By this confuſion: ah that language ſweeet,
Sure bond of Citties, friendſhips maſticke meet,
Strong curbe of anger, yerſt vnited, now
In thouſand drie brookes ſtrayes, I woat not how
That rare-rich gold, that charm-griefe fancy mouer,
That calm-rage harts-theef, quel-pride cõiure-louer:
That pureſt coyne, then currant in each coaſt,
Now mingled, hath ſound, waight, and cullor loſt,
'T is counterfeit: and ouer euery ſhoare
The confuſd fall of *Babel* yet doth roare.

Then

Then *Finland*-folke might viſit *Affrica*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Townes about, our tongues do alſo mound:
For, who from home but halfe a furlong goes,
As dumbe (alas) his reaſon's toole doth loſe:
Or if we talke but with our neere confines,
We borrow mouthes, or elſe we worke by ſignes.
Vntoild, vntutor'd, ſucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men vnderſtood;
And ſeuen-yeeres old, in glaſſe-duſt did commence
To draw the round earths faire circumference:
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Caſtles higheſt part,
Where th'*Enciclopedie* her darlings Crownes,
In ſigne of conqueſt, with eterne renownes.
Now euer-boyes, we waxe olde, while we ſeeke,
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greeke:
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of natures ſecrets, and of th'*Eſſence* ſole,
Which eſſence giues to all, we tyre our mind
To vary verbes, and fineſt words to find;
Our letters, and our ſillables to waigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach vs yet to read, and giue vs raw
An *A. B. C.* for great *Iuſtinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that deuiner lore,
Where God appeares to whom him right adore.

What

What ſhall I more ſay? then, all ſpake the ſpeech
Of God him ſelfe, th'old ſacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language wher's no point, nor ſigne,
But hides ſome rare deepe myſtery deuine:
But ſince that pride, each people hath a-part
A baſtard gibberiſh, harſh, and ouerthwart;
Which daily chang'd, and looſing light; wel-neere
Nothing retaines of that firſt language cleere.
The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned nation,
Fed with faire *Nilus* fruitfull inundation,
Longing to know their languages priority,
Fondly impos'd the cenſuring authority
To ſilly Iudges, voyd of iudging ſence,
(Dumbe ſtammerers to treat of eloquence)
To wit, two infants nurſt by mothers dumbe,
In ſilent cels, where neuer noyſe ſhould come
Of charming humane voice, to eccho there;
Till triple-twelue months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zanse*, the faint-breath'd childeren,
Crie often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words
That their toung forms, or their dumb mouth affords.
Then *Phrygians* knowing, that in *Phrygian*,
Bek meaneth bread, much to reioyce began,
Glad that kind nature had now grac't them ſo,
To grant this ſentence on their ſide to go.
Fooles, which perceiu'd not, that the bleating flocks
Which powld the neighbor mountaines motly locks

had

Had taught this terme, and that no termes of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Iury*, come
Come borne with vs: but euery Countries tongue
Is learnt by much vse, and frequenting long.
Only we haue peculiar to our race,
Aptnes to speake; as that same other grace
Which, richly-diuers, makes vs differ more
From dull, dumbe wretches that in Desarts roare.
Now, that Buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lyons roare, and slothfull Asses bray,
Now low, now lowd, and by such languages
Distinctly seeme to shew their courages:
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certaine passions,
Confused signes of sorrow, or anoy
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, loue, or ioy.
And so I say of all the winged quiars,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briars
Eare-tickling tunes: for though they seeme to prattle
A-part by payres, and three to three to tattle;
To wind their voice a hundred thousand waies,
In curious descant of a thousand laies:
T'haue taught *Apollo* in their schoole, his skill;
Their sounds want sence; their noates are wordles stil,
Their song repeated thousand times a day,
As dumbe discourse, flies in the woods away.
But only, man can talke of his Creator,
Of heauen, and earth, and fire, and ayre, and water,

Of

Of Iuſtice, Temperance, Wiſedome, Fortitude,
In choiſe ſweet-termes, that various ſence include.
And not in one ſole tongue his thoughts diffunder,
But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,
The learned's Sunne; who eloquently can
Speake Hebrew, Greeke, French, Latin, Nubian,
Dutch, Tuſcan, Spaniſh, Engliſh, Arabike,
The Syrian, Perſian, and the Chaldaike:
O rich quicke ſpirit! ô wits Cameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on.
Great *Iulius* ſonne, and *Siluius* worthy brother,
Th'immortall grace of *Gaſcoyne* their mother.
And as for Layes, that in their wyery gaile
Can aske for victuals, and vnuictuail'd raile,
Who daring vs for eloquences meed,
Can plaine pronounce the holy chriſtian Creed,
Say the Lords prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houſhold call:
Th'are like that voice, which, by our voice begot,
From hollow vales babbles it wots not what.
In vaine the ayre they beat, it vainly cleauing,
And dumbly ſpeak, their own ſpeech not conceauing,
Deafe to themſelues, for ſpeech is nothing (ſure)
But th'vnſeen ſoules reſounding purtraiture.
And chiefelie when't is ſhort, ſweet, painted-plaine,
As it was all, yer that rough-hunters raigne.
Now, when I note how th'Hebrew breuity,
Euen with few words expreſſeth happily

Deepeſt conceites; and leades the hearing part
Through all the cloſets of the mazie hart:
Better then Greeke with her *Synonymaes*,
Fit *Epitheses*, and fine *Metaphoraes*,
Her apt Coniunctions, Tenſes, Moodes, and Caſes,
And many other much-eſteemed graces.
When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the ſacred Hebrue Alphabet
All that our faith beleeues, or eyes behold;
That in the law, the Arts are all inrold:
Whether with curious paine, we do tranſport
Her letters turn'd in many-various ſort.
For as in cifering, th'only tranſportation
Of figures, ſtill varies their valuation:
So th'*anagram* ſtrengthens, or ſlacks a name,
Giuing a ſecret twiſt vnto the ſame.
Or whether we (euen as in groſſe) beſtowing
The numbers, which frō one words letters flowing,
Vnfold a ſecret; and that word againe
Another of like number doth containe:
Whether one letter for a word be put,
Or all a ſentence in one word be ſhut:
As *Egypts* ſilence ſealed-vp myſterious,
In one character, a long ſentence ſerious.
When I obſerue, that from the *Indian* dawning,
Euen to our *Iriſh*, *Aetna's* fiery yawning:
And from hot *Tenibus*, to the ſea *Tartarian*,
Thou ſeeſt (ô Satan!) no nation ſo barbarian,

No

Nor ignorant in all the Lawes diuine,
But yet retaines ſome termes of *Paleſtine*,
Whoſe elements, how-ſo diſguiz'd, draw-nigh
The ſacred names of th'old Orthography.
When I conſider that Gods ancient will
Was firſt enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That neuer *Vrim*, *Dreame*, or *Viſion* ſung
Their Oracles, but all in *Iſaaks* tongue:
That in the ſame, the Lord himſelfe did draw
Vpon two tables his eternall law:
And that long ſince in *Sions* languages,
His heauenly Poſts brought downe his meſſages.
And (to conclude) when I conceiue, how then
They gaue not idle, caſuall, names to men,
But ſuch as rich in ſence, before th'euent,
Mark'd in their liues ſome ſpeciall accident;
And, yet we ſee that all thoſe words of old
Of Hebrew ſtill the ſound and ſence do hold;
For *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eua, tranſlated, ſignifieth life:
Cain, firſt-begot: *Abell*, as vaine: and *Seth*,
Put in his place: and he that vnderneath
The generall deluge, ſaw the world diſtreſt,
In true interpretation, ſoundeth reſt.
So th'Hebrew tongue, how-euer *Greece* do grudge
The ſacred right of elderſhip, I iudge.
All haile, therefore, ô ſempiternall ſpring
Of ſpirituall pictures! ſpeech of heau'ns high king,

Mother, and miſtreſſe of all tongues the prime,
Which pure haſt paſt ſuch vaſt deepe gulphes of time:
Which haſt no word but waies, whoſe elements
Flow with hid ſence, thy points with ſacraments:
O ſacred *Dialect*! in thee, the names
Of men, Townes, Countries, regiſter their fames
In briefe abridgements: and the names of birdes,
Of water gueſts, and forreſt-haunting heards,
Are open bookes, where euery man might read
Their natures ſtory; till th'heauen-ſhaker dread
In his iuſt wrath, the flaming ſword had ſet,
The paſſage into Paradice to let.
For *Adam* then, in ſigne of maiſtry, giuing
Peculiar names vnto all creatures liuing,
When in a generall muſter ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull ſight,
He framed them ſo fit, that learned eares
Bearing the ſoule the ſound, the maruailes beares,
Wherewith th'All-forming voice adorned faire,
Th'inhabitants of ſea, and earth, and ayre.
And for each body, acts, or ſuffers ought,
Hauing made nownes, his verbes he alſo wrought:
And then the more t'enrich his ſpeech, he brings
Small particles, which ſtand in lieu of ſtrings
The maſter members fitly to combine:
As two great boards, a little glew doth ioyne.
And ſerue, as plumes, which euer dauncing light
Decke the proud creſts of helmets burniſht bright:

Frenges to mantles; eares, and rings to veſſels:
To marble ſtatues; baſes, feet, and treſſels.
This, *Adams* language, pure perſiſted ſince,
Till th'iron age of that clowd climbing Prince:
Reſounding only, through all mortall tents,
The peer-les accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it, it ſelfe retyred
To *Hebers* houſe: whether of the conſpired
Rebels, he were not; but in ſober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whither, thether by compulſion brought,
With ſecret ſighes he oft his God beſought,
So with vnwilling hands helping to make
The wals he wiſht deepe ſuncke in Stigian Lake:
As wretched Gally-ſlaues, beating the ſeas
With forced oares, fighting againſt their eaſe
And liberty; curſe in their grieued ſpright
Thoſe, for whoſe ſake, they labour day, and night.
Or whether els, Gods liberall hand, for euer
(As it were) meeting holy mens indeuour,
For his own ſake, of his free grace and pleaſure,
To th'Hebrew race depoſited this treaſure:
While the proud remnant of thoſe ſcattered Maſons
Had falſed it in hundred thouſand faſhions,
When euery one where Fate him called flew,
Bearing new words into his Cuntry new.
But ſlippery time, enuiouſly waſting all
Diſfigurde ſoone thoſe tongues autenticall,

Which 'mid the Babel-builders thunder, bred
On *Tygris* bancks, ore all the earth were ſpred,
And, aye the world the more confus'd to leaue,
The leaſt of them in many tongues did cleaue.
Each language alters, either by occaſion
Of trade, which, cauſing mutuall commutation
Of th'earths and Oceans wares, with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange, and truck:
Or elſe, becauſe fame-thirſting wits, that toyle,
In golden termes, to trick their gracious ſtile:
With new-found beauties pranck each circumſtance,
Or (at the leaſt) do new-coynd words inhaunce
With currant freedome: and againe reſtore
Th'old, ruſty, mouldy, worme-gnawn words of yore.
For, as in forreſts, leaues do fall and ſpring:
Euen ſo the words, which whilome flouriſhing,
In ſweet Orations ſhin'd with pleaſing luſter;
Like ſnow-white Lillies in a freſh green paſture,
Paſſe now no more; but baniſht from the Court,
Dwell with diſgrace among the Country ſort:
And thoſe, which Eld's ſtrict doom did diſallow,
And damn'd for bullion, go for current now.
A happy wit, with gracious iudgement ioyn'd,
May giue a paſport to the words new coyn'd
In his own ſhop: alſo adopt the ſtrange:
Ingraft the wild: inriching with ſuch change,
His powerfull ſtile; and with ſuch ſundry ammell
Paynting his phraſe, his proſe or verſe enammell.

One language hath no law but vſe: and ſtill
Runs blind, vnbridled, at the vulgars will.
Anothers courſe, is curiouſly incloſed
In liſts of Art; of choiſe fit words compoſed.
One in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toombd: another warreth bold
With the yeer-ſpinners. One vnhappy-founded,
Liues in a narrow valley euer bounded:
Another, 'mong the learned troupe doth preſſe
From *Alexanders* Altars, euen to *Fez*.
And ſuch are now, the Hebrew, Greeke, and Latin:
Th'Hebrew, becauſe of it we hold the patten
Of *Thrice-Eternals* euer ſacred word:
And of his law, that is the firſt record.
The Greek, as hauing cunningly compris'd
All kind of knowledge that may be deuis'd.
And manly *Roman*, ſith the ſword vndaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.
Writing theſe latter lines, weary welneere
Of ſacred *Pallas* pleaſing labours deere;
Mine humble chin ſaluteth oft my breſt,
With an *Ambroſial* deaw mine eyes poſſeſt
By peece-meale cloſe; all mouing powers be ſtill;
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill;
Downe in my floath-lou'd bed againe I ſhrinke;
And in darke *Lethe* all deepe cares I ſincke:
Yea all my cares, except a zeale to len
A gainefull pleaſure to my Cuntri-men.

For

For th'holy loues-charme burning for their ſake,
When I am ſleeping keepes my ſoule awake.
Gold-winged *Morpheus*, Eaſtward iſſuing
By's chriſtall gate (it earlier opening
Then daies bright doore) fantaſticke leads the way
Downe to a vale, where moiſt-coole night, and day,
Still calmes & ſtormes: keen cold, & ſoultry ſmother,
Raine, and faire weather follow not each-other:
But *May* ſtill raignes, and roſe-crownd *Zephyrus*
With wanton ſighes makes the green tree to buſſe,
Whoſe whiſpering boughes, in Ouall forme do fence
This floury field's delightfull excellence.
Iuſt in the midſt of this enammeld vale
Roſe a huge rocke, cut like a pedeſtall;
And on the Cornich a Coloſſus ſtands
Of during braſſe, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thouſand chaines, which all the mead along
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound faſt by th'eares, but faſter by the hart.
Before his feet, Boares, Beares, and Tygers lie
As meeke as Lambes, reclaimd from cruelty.
Neere hils do hop, and neighbour-forreſts bound,
Seeming to daunce at his ſweet voices ſound.
Of *Carian* pillars raiſd with curious arte
On baſes firme, a double row doth ghert
The ſoules-charme Image of ſweet Eloquence:
And theſe faire Piles with great magnificence

Beare

Beare foure by foure, one of the tongues which now
Our learned age for faireſt doth allow.
Now' mong the heauen-deer ſpirits ſupporting here
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whoſe browes appeare
Like daunt-earth comet's heauen-adorning brand,
Who holdes a green-drie, witherd-ſpringing wand:
And in his armes the ſacred regiſter
Of God's eternall ten-fold law doth beare;
Is *Iſraels* guide; firſt Author, he that firſt
Vnto his heires his writinges offer durſt.
Whoſe hallowed pages not alone preceede
All *Grecian* writ, but euery *Grecian* deede.
Dauid's the next, who with the melodie
Of voice-matcht fingers, drawes *Spheares* harmonie
To his heauen-tuned harpe: which ſhall reſound
While the bright day-ſtar rides his glorious round:
Yea happilie, when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall ceaſe their galliard, th'euer bleſſed ſoules
Of *Chriſt* his champions, cheerd with his ſweet ſonges
Shall daunce to th'honor of the *Strong* of *ſtrongs*:
And all the Angels glorie-winged hoaſtes,
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy God of Hoaſtes.*
The third, his ſonne, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wiſe leſſons ſowne,
More golden wordes, then in his crowne there ſhinde
Pearles, Diamondes, and other gemmes of *Inde*.
Then *Amos* ſonne, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-fellowed, graue, holie, and eloquent.

Sweete-

Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greeke* ſupportes,
Whoſe ſchoole hath bred the manie-differing ſortes
Of ancient ſages: and through euery realme,
Made (like a ſea) his eloquence to ſtreame.
Plato, the al-deuine, who like the *Fowle*
(They call) of *Paradice*, doth neuer foule
His foote on earth or ſea, but loftie flies
Higher then heauen from hell, aboue the skies:
Cleere-ſtylde *Herodotus*, and *Demoſthen*,
Gold-mouthed hart's-king, lawe of learned men.
Th'arch-enemie of factious *Catiline*,
And *Anthonie*, whoſe thundring breſt deuine
Yeeldes thouſand brooks, whence rapt in admiration
The rareſt wittes are druncke in euerie nation.
Cæſar, who knowes as well to write, as warre:
The ſinewie *Saluſt*: and that heauen falne ſtarre,
Which ſtragling *Ilium* brings to *Tybers* brincke,
Who neuer ſeemes in all his workes to wincke;
Who neuer ſtumbled, euer cleere and graue;
Baſhfullie-bold, and bluſhing modeſt-braue:
Still like himſelfe, and elſe, ſtil like to no-man:
Suſtaine the ſtatelie, graue-ſweet, ancient Roman.
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuſcan* plac't,
Bold, choice-term'd *Petrarch*, in deepe paſsions grac't.
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithie, various, quick affection-ſtirrer,
And wittie *Taſſo*, worthie to indight
Heroicke numbers, full of life and light:

Short,

Short, sharp-conceipted, rich in language cleere,
Though last in age, in honor formost heere.
Th'*Arabian* language hath for pillers sound,
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtil, and profound.
Sharpe *Eldebag*, and learned *Asicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* figure flowing pen.
The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germanized* the storie
Of *Sleidan*: next th'*Isleban*, lasting glorie
Vf *Wittemberg*; with *Pencer* guilding bright
His pleasing stile: and *Bucric* my delight.
Guzmarra, *Boscan*, and *Grenade*, which sup
With *Garcilace*, in hunnie *Pytho's* cup
The smiling nectar, beare th'*Hyberian*:
And, but th'old glorie of the *Catalan*,
Rauisht *Osyas*, he might well haue claymed
The *Spanish Laurel* 'mong these lastlie named.
Now, for the *French*, that shape-les *Column* rude,
Whence th'idle Mason hath but grossely hewd
As yet the rough scales from the vpper part,
Is *Clement Marot*; who with art-les arte
Busilie toyles: and prickt with praise-full thirst
Brings *Helicon* from *Po* to *Quarcy* first:
Whom, as a time-torne Monument, I honor:
Or as a broken Toombe: or tattered Banner:
Or age worne image: not so much for show,
As for the reu'rence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I know not well; yet (at the least)
He seemes some skilfull master with the rest:

Yet

Yet doubt I ſtill, for now it doth appeare
Like *Iaques*, *Amyot*, then like *Viginere*,
That, it great *Ronſard*, who his *France* to garniſh,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece* of their art-various varniſh;
And hardie-witted, handleth happilie
All ſortes of ſubiect, ſtile, and Poeſie.
And this *du Pleſſis* beating *Atheiſme*,
Vaine *Paganiſme*, and ſtubborne *Iudaiſme*,
With their owne armes: and ſacred-graue, and ſhort,
His plaine-pranckt ſtile he ſtrengthens in ſuch ſorte,
That his quicke reaſons wing'd with grace and art,
Pierce, like keene arrowes, euerie gentle harte.
Our *Engliſh* tongue, three famous knights ſuſtaine;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sydney*: of which, former twaine,
(*High Chancellors* of *England*) weaned firſt
Our infant-phraſe (till then but homely nurſt)
And childiſh toyes, and rudenes chacing thence,
To ciuill knowledge, ioynd ſweete eloquence.
And world-mourn'd *Sydney*, warbling to the *Theames*
His ſwan-like tunes, ſo courts her coy prowd ſtreames
That all with child with fame, his fame they beare
To *Thetis* lap, and *Thetis*, euerie where.
But what new Sunne dazels my tender eyes?
What ſodaine traunce raps me aboue the skies?
What princely porte? O what imperiall grace! (face!
What ſweet-bright-lightning lookes? what Angels
Say (learned heauen-borne ſiſters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* miſteris,

The

The *Great Eliza*, making hers diſdaine,
For any Man, to change their Maiden's raigne?
Who while *Erynnis*, wearie now of hell,
With fire and ſword her neighbors ſtates doth quel,
And while blacke *Horror* threates in ſtormie rage,
With dreadfull downe-fall th'vniuerſal ſtage;
In happie peace her land doth keepe and nouriſh
Where reuerent *Iuſtice*, and *Religion*, floriſh.
Who is not onely in her mother-voyce
Rich in oration; but with phraſes choice,
So on the ſodaine can diſcourſe in *Greeke*
French, *Latin*, *Tuſcan*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* eeke,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spaine*, and *Italie*,
Plead all for right in her natiuitie.
Bright Northren pearle, *Mars*-daunting martialiſt,
To grace the *Muſes* and the *Artes* perſiſt;
And o if euer theſe rude rimes be bleſt
But with one glaunce of natur's onelie Beſt;
Or (luckie) light betweeene thoſe Yuorie palmes,
Which hold our ſtate's ſterne; in theſe happie calmes,
Vew them with mild aſpect; and gentlie reed
That for your praiſe, your eloquence wee plead.
Then thus I ſpake, O ſpirits deuine and learned:
Whoſe happie labours haue your lawdes eterned:
O ſith I am not apt (alas) nor able
With you to beare the burthen honorable
Of *Albion's* fame, nor with my feeble ſight
So much as follow your heauen-neighbouring flight:

(At

(At leaſt) permit me, proſtrate to imbrace
Your reuerend knees; permit me to inchaſe
Your radiant creſts with *April*, flowerie crowne;
Permit (I pray) that from your high renowne,
My feeble tunes eternall fames deriue;
While in my ſongs your glorious names ſuruiue.
Granting my ſute, each of them bow'd his head,
The valley vaniſht, and the pillers fled:
And therewithall my Dreame had flowne (I thinke)
But that I lymde his limber wings with inke.

Non nobis.

FINIS.